



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General

THE Jarvis Street Baptist Church, reputed to be one of the richest and most unencumbered institutions in the city, has been paying annually nine hundred or a thousand dollars taxes, though exempt under the statutes from any such impost. It has been the pride of many of its members that while other churches demanded and received exemption from taxation they rendered unto Caesar what was Caesar's without claiming that the state has a right to support churches to the extent of exempting them from assessment. The letter of Mr. John Firstbrook, treasurer of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, to the Mayor, which has been made public this week, goes to show that this wealthy organization of Christians has grown weary of well-doing as far as the paying of taxes is concerned. Taking as an excuse an ill-considered lease given to an Anglican, or something of a union, church, on the Island, the Jarvis street brethren decline to further contribute to the city's finances while that sort of thing is permitted. As a business proposition this sort of thing is doubtless permissible. As a matter of religion pure and undefiled we must all regret the retrograde movement of these good people who find their annual contribution to the city's taxes failing to stir up an anxiety for right-doing before God and man. We have every reason to believe that it was a matter of principle which caused them to pay their taxes, though now it is to be feared that it was partly in hope that their example would lead others to do likewise and in the end they would not be financial sufferers. It is certainly to be regretted that their example has not been followed by other denominations or other local churches of their own denomination. If it was not a matter of advertisement in the beginning, but purely a matter of principle, why should it be abandoned? If the principle was correct when they started to pay taxes some ten or twelve years ago, has it ceased to be a matter of conscience now? Has the conscience of the Baptist church in Jarvis street changed or has the principle changed? It cannot be said that they are less able to afford the contribution now than they were then. Why are they less willing to contribute what has been a standing rebuke to every other church? It is a matter of perplexity to those who watch the doings of churches whether they are following the meek and lowly Nazarene or are simply following self-interest tempered by some commercial-religious idea. It can hardly be charged that the Jarvis Street Baptist Church has been more devoid of a strong religious impulse than other denominational organizations. In fact, it has been held up as the chief of all the churches in good works and as the leader of the doctrine of paying its way. Its retrogression, its abandonment of its position, its falling in line with the other churches, which take everything they can get and give no more than they are forced to give, seems to be something in the nature of a proof that churches nowadays are being managed on business principles and that matters of conscience have very little effect upon the conduct of those who run them. I am particularly sorry to see the Jarvis Street Church assume its present attitude, for I have been opposed to exemptions of all kinds for a great many years. Non-Catholics by this pursuit of municipal contributions—an exemption is nothing but a contribution—turn everything over to the hands of our Roman Catholic fellow citizens, who own such large institutions and have so many churches that in the long run they are the chief beneficiaries of such a law. It possibly does not matter whether Protestantism—or call it non-Catholicism—dies out or not, for it is quite possible that the priests are more fit to manage the spiritual affairs of the people than pastors are, but to those who have been brought up as most Baptists have, with an idea that there should be no connection between church and state, the incident of which I speak will be especially painful.

TALKING with a bank manager the other day as to the safety of investments in companies which put their money out on "call loans," he told me that there was no such thing as a really safe call loan system in Canada. "We are criticized for investing our money in New York instead of furthering industrial enterprises at home. As a matter of fact, New York is the only place on this continent where there is such a thing as a perfectly secure call loan system. The volume of business is so great that the bank manager can take the securities brought to him, sort them out, and only accept as many of each as he thinks the market can under no circumstances knock out, and thus the loan will be recoverable, no matter what happens. 'Call loans' in Boston and Chicago are not in the same class. No matter what happens a New York call loan means the recovery of the money when the cash is needed, for so little is advanced on the securities, and, as I said before, the securities are so carefully graded, that interest can be earned on capital so recoverable at any moment, with absolute certainty. By lending our money on this sort of security we protect our customers here in Canada and are able to extend credits which would otherwise be impossible. The loan societies, insurance companies and trust corporations which are doing so large a call loan business in this country are toying with funds which were not entrusted to them for any such speculative purpose. If a crash should come these call loans might prove a very disastrous affair. It is easy to call for the redemption of a loan, but you are not always sure of getting it, particularly in so narrow a commercial community as we have here. Furthermore, those who are making these loans are not bankers and do not understand as fully as they might the exigencies of monetary business. Of course when all securities take a terrible sag, many of those that are held by monetary institutions get down below the point where their owners can redeem them, or will attempt to redeem them. During the last pinch I am quite sure that a large number of banks holding call loans did not issue the call because they could not get the money and had to carry the loans until the stocks resumed something like their loan value. The smaller institutions, which deal with the banks, and are in the same call loan business, were at the mercy of the larger institutions. People do not deposit money in loan societies or pay life insurance to have someone go out to the Woodbine and gamble with it or to go on the Stock Exchange and dally with marginal stock. The ordinary purpose of a loan company is to accept the money of a man who has more than he temporarily needs, and lend it on real estate security to somebody who has less than he momentarily needs and desires to create a home. The trust companies are not organized as stock gambling institutions, but as executors of estates to carefully conserve what money they get that the beneficiaries of the wills turned over to them will always have something, no matter whether it is small or not. The life insurance companies have no more right to advance money on stocks than the other institutions I have named. Their activities make up the figures that are necessary to be charged for life insurance, based not on what can be made by lending money on the street, but by investing it permanently. Some of the people will get a hard crack one of these days, and it will not be the speculative public that will suffer so much as those who imagine that they are investing in what they are certain to realize upon when the moment of necessity arrives. Why people should deposit in private banks where there is no security it is impossible for me to realize. We have passing through our bank a considerable amount of paper which through personal friendship and local pride we are forced to send to private banks instead of to branches of solid institutions. We have to do as we are told, and when losses occur we are more or less held to blame."

Several bank clerks in charge of savings departments of prominent banks have told me that for a time it was, and even yet is, phenomenal the amount of money received since Ames & Co. suspended. The dinner hour between twelve and one o'clock seems to be the favorite time for depositors of the working class to rush after their money in the hands of some loan company and hurry it over to a bank. It is not unnatural, and it is a thing that I would not speak of if I did not think it should be encouraged. People are mad who take the chance of losing their savings in order to get half a per cent. more per annum in some place where it is unsafe than

where it would be secure. I have no commission from the banks to urge this sort of thing, and yet watching, as a newspaper writer must watch, the course of public events, the heartrending insecurity of private institutions is enough to move one to expressions such as I am using. The pity of it is that many deposits are being removed from strong loan companies quite as safe as a bank, in order to deposit them somewhere with the appearance of permanency. The level-headedness of the Canadian people has been shown by the fact that there has been no run on any institution. It has also been shown by the general tendency to get in out of the wet as far as deposits are concerned.

THE conferring on loan companies of the right and power to invest their funds in stocks and what are generally known as "liquid" securities, is one phase of the recent financial troubles that has had perhaps too little attention from the general public. That any such corporations should be permitted to speculate on margins with the moneys of depositors is admittedly an evil and dangerous state of affairs. I took the trouble this week to send to Dr. J. Howard Hunter, Provincial Inspector of Insurance and Registrar of Friendly Societies and Loan Corporations, for some information as to the number of the latter operating in Ontario, and the proportion of them to which the privilege of buying stocks or lending money on stocks has been granted. Dr. Hunter's reply is interesting and timely. There are, he says, eighty-three loan corporations carrying on business in Ontario under either Provincial or Dominion charters, but as to the number which have acquired the right of investing any portion of their funds in stocks, he assures me that it is impossible to give any definite information owing to the overlapping of Federal and Provincial authority—the Dominion Parliament having in recent years exercised equal jurisdiction and meddled with what was formerly a subject of exclusively provincial con-

who pass as Christians believe in the same God, the same Christ, the same heaven, and some method of leading a life which will fit one for the Better World. If there be one simple theory of goodness, why should the Roman Catholics continually disturb every nation in the world by forcing their particular programme upon the government? Surely we had enough of the Manitoba School Bill in 1895 and 1896, and a revival of it comes like the nausea of a renewed attack of seasickness. A mass meeting was held at the Catholic Club of Winnipeg last Sunday, at which very strong protests were made against the administration of the School Act, which was supposed to settle this festering of citizenship with a old tale, which was driven into our ears by the mouth-organs of the hierarchy years ago. Why should they, more than any other section of the community, reiterate as they did, "Be it resolved, that we Catholics of Winnipeg, in public meeting assembled, consider it our duty to put it on record that our grievance in school matters has so far in no way been redressed"? It seems utterly impossible to me to imagine a Roman Catholic, uninfluenced by priestcraft, so far separating himself from the ordinary citizenship of a country as to have a grievance in school matters, particularly when in a school curriculum nothing is said or done to injure the Catholicism of a scholar. It is quite apparent that the Roman Catholics, with a good nature and diplomacy which one cannot but admire, but which the hierarchy direct, are desiring to create a community which shall be administered by the priests. No one who watches the course of public events can avoid the conclusion that this wonderfully alert sect proposes to dominate the whole community. As other religious denominations apparently fail to make good the reasonableness of their doctrines, it would seem that this denomination, which does not trines, it would seem that this denomination, which does not urge that its doctrines are reasonable, is obtaining unusual success. The difficulty of selection always leads to the selec-



ON A PAR.

Uncle Sam.—"You barbarous Jew-killer!"  
Russia.—"You civilized nigger-lyncher."

trol. Dr. Hunter, however, makes the surprising statement that none of the loan companies have derived their authority to dabble in stocks from the province. The impression to the contrary has been widespread. Accordingly, it must be the Dominion Parliament that is bedeviling the situation and undermining the security of depositors in these institutions. In 1899, Dr. Hunter points out, the late Premier Hardy addressed to the then Minister of Justice a strong protest against the Dominion interfering with the subject of loan companies. In this despatch, a copy of which Dr. Hunter has furnished to me, Mr. Hardy predicted that trouble would certainly ensue from the interference of the Dominion in these matters. "The whole question," he wrote, "is of the gravest importance; may, indeed, will, if the bill is adopted and becomes law, lead to serious conflict between the Dominion and the provinces; will constitute a new precedent, adverse to the rights of the provinces, and may lead to complications both of a constitutional and a financial character, which may not now be foreseen." But this outspoken warning would seem to have gone unheeded at Ottawa.

THE burning at the stake of a negro murderer at Wilmington, Delaware, by a crowd of five thousand people, brings the lynching evil into the very heart of the original Thirteen States, and shows how rapidly in the Republic the courts are being superseded by mob law whenever a colored citizen is the accused person. Because the judges hesitated to constitute a special session of the court to try this man, who had been apprehended and of whose escape there could be little danger, a miscellaneous crowd, who apparently had the countenance of the most respectable elements in the city, undertook to remove his case beyond the ordinary process of law, and after storming the jail, publicly burned the prisoner to death, leaving his charred remains exposed on the square where the deed was perpetrated. It is also recorded that prior to the lynching a minister of the Gospel from his pulpit denounced on the subject, "Should the murderer of Miss Bishop be lynched?" and held up some blood-stained leaves before his auditors by way of argument. This lynching is only a sample of what is now of almost daily occurrence in the States. It is easy to sympathize with the rage of white men against the bestial negro violators of women, but it is not easy to understand the attitude of citizens of a free country who show so little confidence in their own courts and the administration of justice. The United States can scarcely make good its claim to be considered at the pinnacle of civilization while hundreds of human beings are annually sent to a horrible death, without trial, but at the hands of raving mobs.

NOWADAYS none of us have a quarrel with the Roman Catholics or anybody else with regard to creed, for I think it is apparent that intelligent people are becoming every day less critical of what people believe and more critical of what they do. Presumably Catholics and others

tion of that which offers no difficulty but in itself can be made satisfactory without using one's intelligence.

This country has had a surfeit of religious discussions and one cannot regard the re-introduction of a controversy of this sort without protest. To return to the point at which I began, if we are worshippers of the same God and followers of the same Christ, why should one church more than another engage the state to protect or propagate its views? It seems to me to be a matter of unadulterated selfishness and a desire to obtain power which should not be allowed to go unchecked. There is no reason why there should be a temporal power superior to that of the state. Those who hold their commissions from heaven can work under the rule of state management of schools and national separation from the propaganda of any particular variety of belief. As I have noticed on this page several times, the great Catholic countries of the world are ejecting these Roman Catholic propagandists. Why in this new country should we be receiving them as if they were heaven-sent missionaries, though we know that they will be disturbers of the political peace? Why, indeed, should we permit anybody to come to us who teaches that the canon law is superior to the civil law? How can we hope to have the civil law obeyed if an influential sect is teaching that the observance of the canon law makes disobedience of the secular law a pardonable course?

The interference of Roman Catholicism with the government of countries is not a new thing. Since Christianity became an established affair these cloister politicians always have been disturbing the peace of every country. They cannot show any nation on the face of the earth that by their educational or religious policy they have benefited to such an extent that they ever became a rival of any civilized non-Catholic country. With all the educational facilities that were possible to give to religious teachers, they have distinctly failed, as far as history records their doings. Nationally they have built up revolutionary countries, dealing in assassination and tyranny, instead of making it possible for people to become so reasonable that a resort to such extreme measures is not necessary. It may seem that I am strongly prejudiced against Roman Catholics, but I am not. I would like to believe with them that somebody can conduct my affairs so that I can be ultimately saved. I cannot accept the proposition that they are to conduct my affairs and the affairs of the community in which I live, without my consent and for their own benefit.

MR. MACDIARMID of West Elgin interrogated the Ontario Government this week as to whether Mr. A. E. Ames still retains his position as chairman of the Teniskaming and Northern Ontario Railway Commission. The reply intimated that Mr. Ames offered his resignation, but that Premier Ross was anxious that his services should be continued. It is well known that Mr. Ames was greatly desired, on account of what was considered his plenteous money and power, to be chairman of the Commission, but one can

scarcely believe that the Government, in its worship of corporate influences and those who are indirectly attached to the prominent, should desire to retain a man who has made ducks and drakes of the money of many in an effort to obtain an additional exuberance of wealth for himself. It does not appear to the ordinary mind that sympathy for the one who was at the wheel when so many were shipwrecked should still retain his commission as pilot of any Government affair.

THE habit of reporting things which affect families unhappily has always seemed to me a cruel procedure. Not many days ago a young man killed himself in a city of the United States. Our local papers reported the occurrence and took great pains to identify him with someone who occupies a prominent position in our own city. The young man who quit life in the abrupt fashion which is described showed exceedingly poor taste in naming those who should be notified, but that can be accounted for as the result of a disturbed condition of his brain. That he should make unhappy and ashamed the people to whom he belonged should have been avoided, for anyone who takes the shotgun route to eternity has no right to inflict his miseries or to bedevil with his methods those who are dwelling in comfort and happiness in some other land. The whole business was unpleasant, and the newspapers made the most of it. I have always held the view that if a man is fool or coward enough, he has a right to quit living when he sees fit, but I do not believe that he has a right in quitting life to make the living of his relatives a disagreeable proposition.

ONE of the oddest things in politics has been the persistent and nauseating efforts of Mr. Gurney to establish the fact that he was bribed. The judges who presided in the case and whose verdict should have been final, have been utterly repudiated by the members of the Legislature on both sides of the floor in attempts to either justify themselves or vilify others. Possibly in local history there has been no case of equal moral turpitude to the one that has been causing the readers of newspapers to throw aside their printed sheet whenever the name of Mr. Gurney appeared. Though the judges decided that he was not bribed, he and others endeavor in hours of wearisome criticism to prove that he is worse than the judges decided that he was. It seems strange that a man should be so determined on having such a peculiar view taken of his conduct as to endeavor to prove that he is the most nauseous thing that ever was. He may have been quite as objectionable as he paints himself, but one cannot but wonder that he should use the black brush on himself so plentifully in order that somebody else may be harmed. I am not trying to exonerate others in pointing out Gurney's peculiarities, but they are such as certainly cannot be attractive to the electorate or even the most violent partizan who would naturally credit his statement. Our politicians have certainly got to a very low ebb when men with the most extraordinary violence of speech admit themselves to be corrupt in order that they may bespatter others.

THE case of ex-Alderman Alfred Macdougall, who was solicitor to the Provincial Treasury in connection with the Succession Duties Act, and who is charged with embezzling many thousands of dollars, has been postponed for many months. He is under \$25,000 bail, but no one who is supposed to have taken so much money from the public treasury in a thoroughly dishonest manner should be treated with the leniency which has been used in this case. If he is innocent of the charge he should come up against it and be acquitted; if he is guilty he should be convicted and punished. As the prosecuting counsel said on Wednesday, "It is getting to be a travesty." Personally I have nothing but kindly feeling for Mr. Macdougall, but in a general commercial sense I haven't any use at all for men who are dishonest in the discharge of duties they are amply paid to perform. Mr. Macdougall may be sick, and doubtless is too ill to come up easily against the trouble he has created for himself. The poor and the unfortunates are not allowed the latitude which is being shown in this case. It appears that a man who is accused of being a defaulter to the extent of over \$40,000 can successfully plead sickness, while men are dragged out of bed to answer for offences which a workman's wages would pay for in a week. This has been going on for months, and now that the case has been adjourned until July 2nd it would be wise to either have the sickness business thoroughly investigated or the case finally tried.

CANADA was not directly responsible for the misfortunes of the Barr colonists, yet there is no doubt that Canada will suffer for these misfortunes, which are now being extensively advertised in Great Britain through the medium of letters sent to friends by disappointed and discouraged members of Barr's party, and now finding their way into the British press. Canadian newspapers can no longer serve the interests of this country by minimizing the fiasco of the movement or the terrible wrongs and hardships of which these raw Englishmen and their families were victims. The facts are all coming out in the letters the colonists are sending "ome," and a frank discussion of the situation by the Canadian press is the only course that will place the blame where it belongs and disabuse British opinion of the damaging conclusions likely to be formed.

It may as well be admitted at the outset that what some of these unfortunate people endured on the voyage out and again on the trek from Saskatoon to their destination, was almost on a level with experiences in Siberian convict camps or in the crowded slave-ships of a hundred years ago. Two letters from amongst many that have found their way into the British press, may be cited in proof of the heartless bungling which attended the transportation arrangements. The first is as follows:

"We arrived at Liverpool between five and six in the morning. There we were told to leave all our luggage, rugs, handbags and such like on the platform, and it would be carried on board the 'Lake Manitoba' for us. The result was indescribable confusion. A few lucky individuals dragged some of their belongings from out of the huge piles of luggage heaped up on the ship's deck; but most of us did not get any of ours till we had been seven or eight days on board; a great many did not get theirs at all on the voyage, and only discovered their things after landing at St. John. Cabin trunks and all the necessary things marked 'Wanted for the voyage' had been sent down into the hold. You can imagine what it meant to be all this time without such necessities as a comb or brush, or tooth-brush, or even a clean pocket-handkerchief. The main cause of all this was the dreadful overcrowding of the ship. The 'Lake Manitoba' is registered to carry 679 passengers and crew, but there were actually between 1,900 and 2,000 people on board. The result was that, though all of the crew worked their very hardest, and were invariably courteous and obliging, there were not a quarter enough to do the work. To make room for all these extra passengers, hardly any cargo was carried beyond passengers' luggage, and bunks were put up in the hold ten in a row, with only a narrow piece of match-boarding between the mattresses. What followed whenever any of the inside passengers were sick, I leave you to picture for yourself. Altogether the condition of the third-class passengers throughout the voyage was pitiable in the extreme—worse than in any ordinary emigrant ship. The first-class passengers had better accommodation in their cabins, though on deck they were no better off. Mr. Barr had arranged that there should be free intercourse between the passengers. Everybody, therefore, crowded everywhere. There were a great number of babies and dogs on board, and the state of filth on the decks was occasionally abominable."

The second letter furnishes strong confirmation of the first. It says:

"The boat was constructed to accommodate 696 passengers, and actually carried over 2,000. The whole business was the worst arranged I ever saw. . . . The only berth I could get was in the stinking hold, side by side with about 100 others packed in orange-boxes—no privacy whatever, no ventilation, the place reeking with filth, the food most abominable."



able stuff. I had nothing to eat except what some young fellow brought me—biscuit, cheese, and anything he could catch from the baker or stewards. . . . The stewards could not cope with the work. I believe Barr chartered the vessel for a fixed sum, and then made all he could. If it had not been for Lloyd, who is really a splendid man, there would have been a riot, and probably Barr would have been thrown overboard, as he richly deserved. . . . The water-closets on board were full to overflowing, and actually drained down into the place where we were sleeping. I feared fever would break out, and then what we should have done one cannot conceive. Decent women, well brought up, slept on deck at night with their children, because if they had gone below they would have had to sleep beside strange men. Single men and single girls slept huddled together beside the married men and women. I offered to pay anything to be allowed to sleep in the smoke-room, but found it was more than occupied by other people. . . . I used to walk the deck till fairly worn out, then lie down in ulster and boots, and run on deck as soon as I woke in the morning. The hold was covered with broken glass, some of the men were singing, some swearing, one was playing a flageolet, one a tin whistle, and one a fiddle, some were striking matches and smoking in their bunks. It was a perfect hell. . . . A great deal of the food supplied was labeled "Cape Town," and seemed to have been originally sent out for the troops. When opened, much of it was mouldy. In the end the people broke open the stores and stole everything they could lay their hands on. One fellow got seventeen cases of Lemco, broke them open, threw the boxes overboard, and distributed the contents."

Such were the experiences of hundreds of men, women and children during twelve days at sea. Making all possible allowance for exaggeration, these recitals reveal an inexcusable condition of affairs. I was at St. John, having just landed from the West Indies a day or two after the "Lake Manitoba" arrived, and the air was still sulphurous with the comments of the Barr colonists on their experiences on shipboard. What I then heard was in keeping with the revelations in the foregoing letters. There is a lesson in all this for the Government and for all of us as citizens—a lesson which I have time and again pointed out in connection with this and other matters, but which will stand frequent repetition. When the Dominion authorities encouraged Mr. Barr, an irresponsible private individual, to undertake the movement of a great body of settlers to our shores, or at least countenanced his project, they delegated powers and privileges which should only be exercised by officials responsible to the Government, answerable in its turn to the people and punishable by them. The same principle should apply not only to immigration, but to charities and eleemosynary projects of every sort, and in fact to the caring for all persons who have for the time being lost their anchorage in society. We do not want a paternal Government, a Government interfering with people who are both willing and well able to look after themselves, but private initiative cannot safely be entrusted with projects in which persons unable to secure their own rights may be placed at the mercy of the greedy and cruel. From the moment the Barr party was formed it should have been under the eye of a Dominion officer, as it was later on. If such a precaution had been taken, the projectors would have hesitated to abuse their trust in a manner to bring so much discredit on themselves and indirectly on Canada.

BY the way, one would like to know more about the Rev. Mr. Barr than has yet appeared on the surface. In his pamphlet setting forth his project for the colony, he was described as "Curate-in-charge, St. Saviour's Church, Tollymore Park, London, N." but London "Truth" assures its readers that not only is his name not given in either "Crockford" or Kelly's "Clergy List" for the present year as a curate of that church, but there is no Rev. I. M. Barr mentioned at all in either of these directories.

N O kinder heart ever ceased beating than when "Charlie" Taylor died. Everywhere respected, everywhere loved, everywhere known, "Charlie" Taylor, business manager of the "Globe," was esteemed not only for his supremacy as a publisher, but for his gentleness as a man. In the publishing business I always took my hat off to C. W. Taylor, because I knew that he knew as much about it as I did. He was the only man in Canada to whom I felt bound to be so gracious. The newspaper craft has lost one who was practically its king;



The late C. W. Taylor.

the newspaper fraternity has lost to a certain extent the heart which made it an endurable business. I never knew a man that I loved better, and I never knew one that was loved more generally. No one can grasp the terrible loss that it must be to the family, and I doubt if even yet anyone understands how great a loss it will be to the community. He was only fifty-two years old, and was born in the barracks here in Toronto, son of a captain of a Highland regiment. But to endeavor to tell of his life and the many years that he has grown up with the "Globe," and really been the "Globe" since the time of George Brown, would be a waste of space. His best eulogy is that the people loved him well.

ONE of the institutions of a countryside is the barn-raising, to which every young man in the neighborhood is invited. The fights that take place there between "sides" who undertake to raise bents are really one of the institutions of rural life. In the Township of Wilmett the other day they had a barn-raising, when the rivalry between the two factions apparently grew so great that the whole business fell to pieces and thirteen were seriously hurt. It is difficult to moralize on so prevalent a passion to succeed. If we are to deery the tendency to be "first in" at the finish we are liable to discourage those who attempt to be dominant in every walk of life. The repeated accidents, however, at barn-raising, inform one that rural rivalries and jealousies are not unknown, and it would seem that those who have to do with these events might exercise much greater care. City people have but little sympathy with the countrymen who have troubles and rivalries of their own, yet when we read of men partially blinded, others with chests crushed in, and some disabled for life by carelessness and too intense competition, one feels inclined to enquire if this sort of thing is not being carried too far.

A LETTER from away up north is filled with many pertinent questions introduced by kind words for "Saturday Night" which I believe to be sincere. The writer enquires if Sir Wilfrid Laurier was correctly reported as saying that as there was no popular agitation for a divorce court he did not think it would be wise to do anything in the matter. Continuing, he says: "Now I don't know about the wisdom of the legislation, and I don't know much about the divorce laws, but I would like to know if we send our members down to Ottawa and Toronto and pay their indemnities to consider only those things that are being clamored for or against? Do we not send them down to enquire into the needs of the country, to decide on the various means of meeting those needs, and provide for justice to those who cannot make their voices otherwise heard? If the people of this country have to individually decide as to what the laws should be, what is the use of Parliament?" My Northern friend is quite right. Our Parliaments keep their ears on the ground too long listening for the rumble of what will overwhelm them if they resist it, and if there is any reason for a divorce to be granted by a special act of Parliament at enormous expense, that same



Mr. Cawthra Mulock.



Miss Adele Baldwin Falconbridge.

reason should induce our legislators to provide the same relief for the same reasons in the law courts which hold their sessions nearer to the homes of the litigants. The same writer asks why a statement of the affairs of the country should not be sent to every voter. As a rule these statements appear in the public press, though they are not generally read or digested. But his plea that the blue books should be sent to every public library throughout the Dominion—if this is not already the practice—is one that should not be further disregarded.

#### Social and Personal.

ON Wednesday, June 24th, the marriage of Mr. Cawthra Mulock, second son of Sir William and Lady Mulock, and Miss Adele Baldwin Falconbridge, fourth daughter of Chief Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge, took place privately, in the presence of immediate relatives, at St. John's Wood, Rev. Father Cruise officiating. Friends of the bride and groom's families were invited to a reception after the wedding, and at three o'clock began to arrive by scores, heeding little that the day was a stray from April, so far as weather was concerned, for sun and shower alternated during the entire afternoon. Fortunately, no one, after the climatic vagaries of the past week, had counted on a fine day, and everything was arranged under cover, the soft light through cream canvas colonnades being most becoming to the pretty women who came to greet the bride and groom with good wishes and remained to speed them on their bridal trip. The marquee was connected with the French windows of the dining-room by a canvas-covered passage, and the library was set apart as a reception-room for the bride and groom, and the Chief and Mrs. Falconbridge bade their friends welcome just within the door. The very youthful pair were greeted with less restraint than usually obtains, and looked perfectly happy as they were kissed and blessed by many a good old friend whose memory easily recalls their babyhood, and merrily congratulated by the younger contingent, who have scarcely had time to welcome them before they have secured their promotion. The bride wore a soft, rich cream white satin, made in box pleats en train, and exquisitely trimmed with Brussels point lace, the guimpe being of lace and extending in a fleu point at the back, and the lace being continued in a sumptuous train. A dainty little crown of orange blossoms rested on her soft fair hair, and the bridal veil fell softly about her. The bridal bouquet was a thing of airy beauty, lily of the valley and ferns, showered to the bride's feet in most graceful and dainty fashion. A magnificent spray of diamonds crossed her corsage, and a single string of very fine pearls encircled her neck. Her mignonette face, radiant and smiling, was the picture of girlish happiness, as good wishes came plentifully from all sides. Miss Aimee Falconbridge, not yet a debutante, was her sister's bridesmaid, and wore a distinctly novel and pretty dress of fine Southern "drawn work" which was one of the good things brought home by the touring party which recently returned from Nassau. Miss Aimee's dress was made over blue silk and a dainty white hat was worn with it, also the groom's gift, a fine sapphire and diamond ring, the sapphire being the young girl's birthstone. A giant sheaf of American Beauty roses tied with sashes of crimson and green ribbons were the bridesmaid's flowers. Mr. John Falconbridge, only brother of the bride, was best man, and the groom presented him with an Alpha Delta badge in emeralds and pearls. Tiny Miss Dorothy Anglin was flower girl, very prettily frocked in white chiffon over blue, and large hat, and carrying a bouquet of lily of the valley. She also had her "gaze d'amitie" from the bridegroom, a heart-shaped pin of pearls. The wedding presents were arranged on tables in the drawing-room, and among them I noticed a splendid silver service on a large salver, three smaller salvers, and a center bowl for flowers, the gifts of the groom's parents. Lady Laurier sent a lovely half dozen of gold and white china cups and saucers in a case. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Clark, a large pair of Greek pillar candlesticks in silver, in a rich case. The sister brides and their brides-grooms, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes and Mr. and Mrs. Cassels, gave a very handsome double student lamp in brass and Tiffany glass. The brides looked very pretty, Mrs. Hughes in cream voile with cream lace trimmings and hat, and Mrs. Cassels in a very pretty chiffon with pattern of hand-painted pink flowers and foliage. Mrs. Falconbridge wore fine black lace over white chiffon, and a large plumed hat of black and white. Lady Mulock wore black and green silk grenadine, and a small black and white toque. After the reception the bride and groom led the way to the marquee, where His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor proposed the health of the pair, and Mr. Mulock responded in a few well chosen sentences. The bride went away in a grey and Wedgwood traveling suit, and many a smile followed the young couple as they ran hand in hand down the canvas colonnade showered with confetti and followed by a chorus of merry good wishes mingled with the strains of the harpers playing in the hall. The honeymoon will be spent at Sir William Mulock's country place at Newmarket, where a special car took Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, and later in the year they will go abroad for several months. Among the bridal gifts was a collection of jewels left by Mrs. Cawthra Murray years ago in the hands of a relative, to be given to "Cawthra's wife" on her wedding day. The family group at this wedding included some notably beautiful and stylish women, Mrs. Willie Mulock, Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. Arthur Anglin, each looking remarkably well. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Clark, Miss Clark and Mr. Allen Magee, Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Justice and Mrs. MacLennan, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskin, Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, Mr. Ridout of Rosedale House, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. Magann, Count Roschereau de la Sabliere, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble, Colonel and Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa, Mrs. A. R. Creelman, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Ellis, Mr. Howland, Mr. Hopkins, Mrs. Dick, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cawthra, Mrs. Cattinagh, Mrs. and Miss Florence Sprague, Mrs. Lash, Mrs. Miller Lash, Mrs. Mr. and Miss Cawthra of Gulesley House, Captain and Mrs. Burnham, Major and Mrs. Brook, Mr. and Mrs. McDowall Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mr. Kirkpatrick of Coolmine and Miss Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mrs. W. Davidson, Mr. Justice Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Willison, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Rutlan, Mrs. Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Bruce and Miss Lampert, Miss Dora Rowand, the Misses Hughes, the Misses McCutcheon, the Misses Howard—Miss Allie getting the bride's bouquet—Mrs. Byron Walker, Mr. and Mrs. A. McLean McDonnell, Dr. and Mrs. Sylvester, Mrs. Evans and Miss Drynan, Mr. Hawes, were some of those who were at the reception.

During the week she has spent in Toronto, Mrs. Creelman has been surrounded by her friends, and luncheons and teas have been arranged daily in her honor, until those who knew of her recent trial of ill-health began to fear she might be "killed with kindness." On Tuesday Miss Jennings asked some of her sister's most intimate friends to come and see her at the tea hour, and on Wednesday Mrs. C. C. Dalton gave a cosy small tea to which most of the company came on from the Falconbridge reception in the same street, among them Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, who looked very handsome in a

white gown with lace and cord trimmings. Mrs. Creelman wore a very handsome black lace gown over lavender, and is looking the picture of health. Mrs. Brydon of Collingwood wore lavender crepe with guimpe and "bouts de manches" of cream lace. On Friday Miss Carly gave a very pleasant luncheon for Mrs. Creelman. On Thursday Mrs. Alec Robertson did the same. On Thursday evening Mrs. Harcourt entertained her at dinner at the golf club, and on Friday Mrs. MacMahon was her hostess at tea. On Friday evening Mr. Raymond entertained at dinner in her honor at his country place.

Colonel Denny, the head of the newly organized corps of guides (Lord Dundonald's aide in the relief of Ladysmith, and the first to enter the rescued city), was in town on the way from Niagara to Kingston this week. Colonel Denny left with Mrs. Denny for Kingston on Thursday. During their sojourn at Niagara both these welcome newcomers made many friends, and are delightful people. They have, since the Boer war, been at Hong Kong, and are now, I fancy, for the first time sojourning in Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn left on Thursday morning for Montreal to sail for England early this morning. Before leaving they were glad to receive pleasant tidings from Major Cockburn, who is proving himself quite a famous rancher. They will be absent for some months, and will take part in quite a reunion of Mr. Cockburn's relatives, some of whom, officers in the Imperial service at Malta and other foreign posts, are home on leave most opportunely.

The State Ball will be held at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, on next Thursday evening, and several Toronto people are arranging to attend it.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones are sailing for England next week to spend the summer.

Colonel Buchanan went east on Thursday morning. Mrs. A. R. Creelman returns to Montreal to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Creelman are going shortly to England, to spend some time and bring back their two young daughters Isabel and Marion, who have been taking advantage of exceptional educational opportunities during the past twelve months.

Mr. Warwick and Miss Lillian Warwick sailed for England, via New York, this week. They were seen off by friends, Miss Katie Massey coming in from her summer home to bid her friend bon voyage. During their absence Mrs. Warwick is visiting her sister, Mrs. Shambrook, and her daughter, Mrs. Rogers, in Hamilton and Burlington Beach.

Mrs. Brydon of Collingwood spent the week with Miss Anna Jennings, and shared in the doings of what I almost feel like calling a "Creelman" week.

The sad and sudden decease of Mrs. Henry Sanford at her summer home in Newcastle has robbed our brightest circle of one of its most cherished members. When, during the Horse Show, the smart set vied with one another in attentions to this handsome woman, and enjoyed her charming hospitality in return, few imagined that the brilliant "Sanford week" of which I wrote jokingly would be the last she would ever spend in Toronto. Yet so it was, and those who admired and esteemed and understood Mrs. Sanford are mourning her untimely end, in the heyday of her life, every hour of which she had lived to the full. Some of her friends went down to her funeral, and many more sent sorrowful thoughts to the charming home at Newcastle, where its chateau lay calm and still among the beautiful things she had planned and purchased and the sweet flowers she loved so well. I am told that never has Dunlop sent out such exquisite flowers as went to Newcastle on that sad day.

Mr. Justice Hodgins and Mrs. Hodgins have returned from the West Coast after an enjoyable trip. Their soldier son, Major Arthur Hodgins, arrived on Wednesday from Johannesburg, and will spend a short time with his people here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth and their son Featherstone sailed for England last week, to be away some time. Canon and Miss Cayley are also en route for England.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. McKinnon go to their Muskoka place in Lake Rosseau to-day.

Mr. Chester Massey's residence in Jarvis street has been taken for the season by a wealthy United States man.

Mr. and Mrs. Ince have a charming cottage in Paradise Park this summer, and Miss Gladys Buchanan is visiting them. Miss Geary is visiting Mrs. Hostetter and Mrs. Charles Nettles has also a girl friend staying with her. Miss Norah Sullivan returned from a long visit at Sault Ste. Marie, very much improved in health.

The news that Mrs. Sandham is expected on a visit to Lady Gzowski is received with pleasure by the many Toronto friends of that graceful and charming woman. Mrs. Sandham will be much welcomed by everyone.

The marriage of Miss Louise (Dot) Stout, second daughter of Mr. Walter S. Stout, and Mr. Morton Billings Downs of Bridgeport, N.Y., was quietly celebrated at the residence of the bride's parents on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Fred Plummer, and the bridal party stood before a floral chancel rail threaded with white ribbons. Miss Stout wore her traveling gown of white homespun, Irish lace collar and white hat. Miss Charlotte Stout and Miss Lou Stewart of Montreal were bridesmaids in white organdie and lace and pink sashes and white hats with pink roses. Mr. William Downs was groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Downs are honeymooning abroad.

The farewell tea given by the Dean and Mrs. Rigby at Trinity College on Wednesday was made the occasion of a presentation of some silver to Mrs. Rigby, whose many splendid qualities and amiable disposition endear her to Toronto friends. The Dean of Trinity and Mrs. Rigby on leaving Toronto for Port Hope take with them universal affection and esteem.

The engagement of Miss Mary Isabel Barr, eldest daughter of Mr. C. D. Barr of Lindsay, Ont., and Mr. R. La Fontaine Haycock of Sydney, C.B., is announced.

Mr. Irving H. Cameron and his daughter, Miss Evelyn Cameron, have gone abroad. Mr. Cameron was asked to represent the University at an important convention.

Mr. E. W. Sandys has brought out a second successful book, "Trapper Jim," and is coming up for the Home-Comers' festivities next week.

Mrs. and Miss Delamere have returned from Niagara. Mrs. Delamere and her sister, Miss Denison, will go abroad, and Miss Eva Delamere will summer in Muskoka.

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## Social and Personal.

THE marriage of Mr. Henry C. Bourlier, Jr., only son of Mr. Henry Bourlier, to Miss Nellie Goulding Akers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Akers, took place at the residence of the bride's parents, 447 Jarvis street, at eight o'clock on the evening of Thursday, June 18. It was in the fullest sense a home wedding, and a very beautiful one. The long drawing-rooms where the ceremony took place were arranged with exquisite taste, the decorations having been designed and executed by a relative of the bride. They were Oriental in aspect, lighted with dim rose lights, which glimmered through the brass lattice-work of the tall Persian lamps. Palms lent their mysterious beauty to the soft harmony of the rooms, a beauty enhanced by the heavy velvet draperies, the lacquered cabinets of rare Arabian work, the Japanese shields that made plaques above the entrance, the Turkish rugs and rare old Eastern paintings in frames of leather. In a quiet corner swung a Moorish lantern of wrought iron. On the mantel, and seen through the fronds of the palms, stood two great candlesticks of brass, holding shaded wax candles. These candlesticks came from Syria, and more than once held lighted tapers on the altar of some far-off Greek church. The whole room was redolent of the charm of the East, and made a fitting background for the slender, graceful figure of the young bride as she stood with the bridegroom in the little palm grove which had been prepared for the ceremony at one end of the room. Her dress, trained and richly trimmed with lace, sewn with seed pearls, fell about her slender form in graceful lines, and over all fell the bridal veil, like a cloud, filmy, mysterious emblem of modesty and virtue. In this charming room, surrounded by their friends, the young couple were made man and wife. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, M.A., who had not only married the bride's parents, but had also christened the bride. Supper was served in the dining-room and other rooms, which were decorated with Marguerites and roses. A very happy speech was made by the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, to which the bridegroom responded in manly and able fashion. Shortly after supper the young couple left for Montreal and Quebec, amid showers of confetti and congratulations. A dance followed, and concluded the event, which was in every way a most delightful and enjoyable one. The bride presents were very beautiful and well chosen.

Mrs. T. Godson and family left last week for Lake Muskoka, where they will again spend the summer.

A quiet wedding took place on Saturday evening in St. Enoch's Church, when Miss Flora Dell McKellar, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Lauchlan McKellar and Mrs. L. McKellar, was married to Mr. Percival Monroe Inglis of Brantford. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Alexander McMillan. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Harry McKellar, and wore her traveling suit of navy blue basket cloth, and navy blue fancy straw hat, touched with white. The groom's gift to the bride was a diamond and sapphire ring. Mr. and Mrs. Inglis left for a two months' trip up the lakes, and on their return will reside in Toronto.

Mr. Alex. Cavanagh of Winnipeg is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. Dawson Harling, 21 Springhurst avenue, Parkdale.

Last evening, June 26, at 8.15, the closing exercises and distribution of prizes of the Parkdale Church School was held in the Masonic Hall, Queen street and Dowling avenue.

Mrs. and Miss Evelyn Watson of 86 Dominion street have left for an extended trip on the upper lakes with Captain F. C. Watson, son of Mrs. Watson.

Mrs. Quhen and Miss Eugenie Quhen sailed for England on the "Ionian" last Saturday.

Mrs. Alex. W. Burgess has gone to St. Catharines to visit her son Colin, who is attending Ridley College. She will be a guest at the Welland for the next week or ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rennie, "Morning-side," left on Tuesday for the Pacific coast.

St. Andrew's Church, Brampton, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Thursday of last week, when Miss Ethel Scott, second daughter of Mr. Alexander Scott, was married to Mr. W. K. Stewart of Dartmouth College, Hanover, N.H. The church was artistically decorated for the occasion, and while the wedding march was being played the bride entered with her father, preceded by little Willma Scott, a cousin, who carried a basket of Marguerites, tied with yellow ribbon. The bride looked very pretty in white silk crepe de chine and chiffon, her veil caught with orange blossoms, and carrying a bouquet of lilies of the valley. The little maid of honor wore a dainty frock of white organdie and lace. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Stewart, father of the groom, assisted by Rev. Wiley Clark and Rev. W. G. Wallace. Mr. Stewart Wallace and Mr. Lorne Harris, nephews of the groom, acted as ushers. Returning to the bride's home, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart received congratulations, after which refreshments were served on the lawn, where tables were tastefully arranged under a marquee. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart left shortly after, amid showers of flowers and rice, for a three months' tour in Europe. The bride's traveling gown was of dark blue cloth, with hat en suite. The guests present were Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Stewart, Rev. W. G. and Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. T. M. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Gunn, Miss Kilborn, Miss McMichael, Miss Carey, Miss Marjorie and Mr. Stewart Wallace, Messrs. Lorne and Howard Harris, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Purcell, Guelph; the Misses Tyndale, Fergus; the Misses Elliott, Milton; Miss Kirkwood, Seneca; Miss Skovell, Detroit; Miss Lawrence, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Miss McCullough, Miss Mahaffy, Miss Wilson, Mr. E. Scott and Mr. W. B. McCullough, Brampton.

The camp at Niagara was rather unpleasant by reason of bad weather during the first week, and only towards the end of the fortnight did the sun get in

any really cheering work, but the day of the sham battle was simply delightful. Some of the Toronto sojourners at Niagara-on-the-Lake were sufficiently interested in the manoeuvres to be early on the battleground and remain until the march-past at three o'clock. Later in the day Mrs. Otter had a number of visitors for tea at headquarters, and several of the officers also entertained ladies in their quarters. Among Mrs. Otter's guests were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra and Miss Beatrice Cawthra, Colonel and Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Bromley Davidson, Misses Nordheimer of Glenlyth, Miss Mary Davidson, Mrs. Denison, Miss Maude Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. C. McInnis, Miss Patteson, Messrs. Howard, Major Carpenter, Captain Burnham, Captain Harbottle, Miss Merritt, Mrs. Sankey, Miss Ridout, Colonel Galloway, Colonel and Mrs. Denny, and several others. Late in the afternoon Lord Dundonald and Captain Newton, A.D.C., came in for tea. On Saturday, despite the cloudy weather, Lord Dundonald and Colonel and Mrs. Beach spent a pleasant day at the Falls. During the day the "Gloria" came into port, and Mrs. McLeod, the Misses McLeod and Mrs. A. Huxley Garrett arrived at the Queen's Royal and remained over, the "Gloria" returning with them to Toronto next day. On Sunday, the longest day in the year, a delightful outing was arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gooderham on the "Cleopatra," to which a score of friends were invited. The party included Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Colonel and Mrs. Denny, Colonel and Mrs. McLean, Captain Elmley, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McInnis, Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, Mr. G. Ian MacAlister, Miss Patteson, Miss Davidson, the Misses Nordheimer, Mrs. Denison, Captain Howard, Mr. Howard, Mr. W. A. Smith, and the yacht's owner and family party. A car was in waiting at Lewiston to convey the guests to the Falls, and later on they returned to Queenston and were taken on the "Cleopatra" to the Queen's Royal in time for dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham and Miss Aileen Gooderham returned to town on the yacht the same evening, bearing the thanks of all their guests for a charming day.

A very pleasant evening was spent by the Single Tax Association on Friday of last week at a fish dinner and concert to follow, which was held in Mrs. Meyer's pavilion on the Lake Shore. Mrs. Gordon, wife of Dr. Gordon, chaperoned the affair. On Saturday the choir of the Parkdale Presbyterian Church enjoyed Mrs. Meyer's excellent menu. This week the lady physicians held their reunion in the shape of a fish dinner on Thursday evening at Mrs. Meyer's, and last evening a large party from Erskine Church patronized a similar banquet.

At All Saints' Church on Tuesday afternoon, June 23, the marriage took place of Miss Ethel May Clarke, daughter of Mr. W. F. Clarke of Toronto, to Mr. Frank Stuart Knowland. The bride was given away by her father and was attended by Miss Lizzie Hyland. Mr. Harold V. Knowland was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Knowland left immediately after the ceremony on the steamer "Spartan" for a trip through the Thousand Islands and to Montreal. On their return at the end of the month they will reside at No. 68 Borden street, Toronto. The marriage was solemnized by the rector, Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin.

The tragedy of the drowning of Douglas Plumb, while one of a fishing party

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this week, cast a sudden gloom over the afterglow of the R.M.C. dance, and filled with regret the hearts of all his ex-classmates and the whole contingent at R.M.C., whence his stepfather, Judge Nesbitt, had taken him for a holiday trip. It seems but the other day that young Plumb was bright and hearty at the gay doings of Christmas time, since which, however, he had a severe attack of pneumonia. I heard some little time ago that Mrs. Porter (nee Plumb), sister of the victim of the sad catastrophe of Monday, was not at all in good health, and she is now in California for a change. To her, in her bereavement, and also to Mr. Justice Nesbitt, stepfather of the two young people, much sympathy goes from many friends throughout the Dominion and the States.

The Queen's Royal has never been so comfortable and the service and cuisine never better than at present. The encomiums of the guests are having the usual effect, and Toronto people are booking rooms for July and August. The manager, Mr. Boomer, is a young, energetic man, with big ideas of progress and enterprise, and has added a ballroom to the hotel, which is a delightfully cool and picturesque annex. On Thursday night it received its formal opening, under the distinguished patronage of Lord Dundonald. The dance was quite brilliant, and the attendance of the "boys in blue" from across the river was much welcomed. On Sunday Lord Dundonald went across to Fort Niagara and took tea with Major Rogers of the 9th Regiment, United States Infantry, who is in

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## Jane the Unexpected.

By Annie P. Dobie.

JANE THORNTON reclined at ease in the most luxurious of hammocks, on the roughest of verandahs. The warm June sun tried in vain to reach her through the thick curtain of wisteria and Virginia creeper. Jane felt that she owed it to herself to take things easy after all her efforts of the past two weeks. She had entertained all her friends, and paid all her social debts. She felt that she could look the whole world in the face, for she owed not a man—or woman either, which was more to the point. Such a time as she had had, too, with mother away in Europe—not that she was much help when she was at home—and how terribly disappointing cook had been, with her father taking sick just at the very time she was most needed! Tommy had done errands and carried messages, but small brothers of twelve are not always to be counted upon. It had taken nothing short of two evenings and two afternoons to get around all the people in her set. It was really an awful thing to live all one's life in a growing country town; one's circle of friends was ever growing wider and entailing larger responsibilities in entertaining. And owing to mother's ill-health they had been in everybody's debt—in everybody's, that is, but the Martins. It was really too contemptible the way those people acted! They were asked everywhere, and never gave as much as an old-fashioned tea in return. And they were such pretty girls, too, and so popular with the men, it seemed too bad to cut them. But why on earth couldn't they give something? Even if it were only an "At Home," that one only goes to to show one's newest gown. And then the mean little tricks they resorted to! Just as everybody was getting tired of inviting them, and they were just about to topple off the social wave, they always gave out that they were going to have a large party, were going to ask everybody; and on the strength of this they received invitations for the rest of the season. But the "large party" always failed to materialize. Some of their intimate friends said it was because their upstairs was "awfully shabby"; but really, if people couldn't keep in the swim they should retire from the struggle gracefully. At any rate, Jane had left them out; she was not going to be imposed upon.

A light step on the walk startled Jane from her reverie, and her bosom friend, Eleanor Smith, came tripping up in radiant summer garb.

"How can you lie there this lovely morning? You said you had ever so many things to see to before going to the mountains. Are you going next week?" Eleanor's conversation consisted largely of questions that she seldom gave one time to answer.

"Oh, well, I need a rest before I go. No one ever wants to go to a summer resort fagged out. You know how wearing it is," said Jane.

"What do you think I got at the post this morning? Guess who is giving a tea?" and Eleanor held up a dainty pale pink envelope bearing an address in a delicate hand. "You could never guess in the world! I nearly fainted with surprise when I saw whom it was from!"

"The Martins?" faltered Jane at a venture.

"How in the world did you know?" said Eleanor. "Someone told you, of course."

"No, indeed," said Jane; "your mind must have communicated it to mine."

"Well, they are actually giving a garden party! They have asked everybody. You should have been at the post to see all the people walking off with pink envelopes. It looked too funny!" laughed Eleanor. "What shall you wear, Jane?"

"Your new gown from J—?"

"Perhaps I shan't be invited," said Jane. "You know I left them out when I gave my parties, and I fancy Mrs. Martin and Lou are rather cool to me when we meet."

"Oh, the idea!" said Eleanor. "Just as if every hair of their heads doesn't owe you an invitation! Of course you'll be asked!"

"When is it to be?" asked Jane.

"To-morrow. I met Mrs. Skimmer and she told me all about it. That woman knows everything. It's a mystery to me where she gets her news. The party is for Bob Martin, who has done so well out in Vancouver. He is making a flying visit, and they have to give something for him, you know. I shall wear my pink muslin with the frills. What are you going to do this afternoon, Jane?"

"Nothing in particular. I am going to the Willsons' for a while this evening, but shall come home early."

"I promised in a moment of weakness to take Bee and Jack to the beach this afternoon," said Eleanor. "I can't get out of it. Come along and help me take care of them. We can have tea there and you can go to the Willsons' after."

"Very well," said Jane; "I shall meet you on the two o'clock boat. The sail will do me good."

Eleanor went off, leaving Jane to review the possibilities of her wardrobe in the event of her being invited to the Martins'. Her blue muslin with the lace was still fresh, but then pale blue was rather trying to any but the most youthful complexion by daylight. Why not wear her cream voile with the medallions? It was intended for special occasions at the Mountain House, and she might as well look her best, especially as Bob Martin would be there. One cannot afford to overlook possibilities when one is thirty-two.

When Tommy came in to lunch the pink envelope was not forthcoming. Jane felt some misgivings; but when she questioned him and found that he had been off at Loon Lake all morning with his chum, Dick Winters, and had forgotten to go to the post-office, she felt relieved. Lunch was late, so that Jane had no time to call at the post-office herself; in fact, she had no time to think about Martins', garden party, or anything but catching the boat.

The afternoon was anything but dull, with the children to be amused and rescued from several more or less perilous situations. Eight o'clock found them making the home trip, each with a young Smith fast asleep on her hands. Jane hurried on to the Willsons', where she spent the evening, and twelve o'clock

## Patty's Predicament.

By Jean Webster.

was just chiming out as she reached home, weary in every limb.

As she passed through the hall on her way upstairs she glanced at the little table where the family letters were always placed—there, sure enough, was the pink envelope directed to her in a neat hand!

Next morning Jane slept late, and had to rush about to keep her appointments at various dressmakers' and dry goods shops. Several times she met Bessie Martin, who greeted her with the most engaging of smiles. She was late for luncheon, and had barely time to snatch a little rest before it was time to dress for the Martins' party.

This was a very important ceremony. While other wavings of hair and arrangement of laces absorb a large amount of time; but when at last Miss Thornton sallied forth she was well satisfied with the result. To see her sauntering leisurely along, the perfection of grace and elegance, one could never have guessed how hard it had been to get her back hair done at the proper angle or the fearful struggle she had had in getting arrayed in her new voile.

When she reached her destination the party was in progress. Some of the younger guests were playing tennis, while others were scattered in groups on the lawn. The older ladies preferred to remain chatting indoors or huddled the verandahs, trying to look as if they were thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Jane made her way to the drawing-room, where the Martins were receiving their guests. As they greeted her she was conscious of a peculiar note in their cordiality, a vague indefinable something which quickly communicated itself to her. A sort of veiled surprise, impossible to explain or describe. She was presented to the cousin, who proved to be a fine-looking man of simple manners, with whom one was at ease in a moment. But much as Jane felt inclined to stay and enjoy his society, she felt impelled to get away as soon as she could decently make her escape. After partaking of the ethereal viands usually served on such occasions, Jane made her adieux, excusing herself on the ground that she had many preparations to make for her intended journey.

On the way home, try as she would, she could not account for the strange feeling she had experienced on greeting the Martins. There was something wrong, but what? As she neared home an awful thought struck her. She hurriedly opened the door and rushed to the hall-table. There lay the pink envelope still unbroken. She hastily tore it open, and read the following:

MRS. ARNOLD  
will demonstrate the uses of  
BARKER'S CHOCOLATE  
to the ladies of M. at  
David Young's Grocery Store,  
Tuesday and Wednesday next from 2 to 6.  
You are cordially invited.

Jane turned cold and collapsed on the lowest step of the stair, utterly regardless of her new voile in her humiliation.

Was ever anyone in such a predicament? What would the Martins think? And Bob Martin! And she had made such a good impression. If she had only opened the envelope, and not taken so much for granted! How should she ever explain? She could not eat at dinner, thinking and planning out ways of making the matter right; and by bedtime she had in imagination apologized and explained to the Martins in about twenty different ways. Occasionally the ridiculous side of it would come uppermost and she would laugh heartily, but misery returned when she faced the awful facts.

Her sleep that night was troubled, but when morning came her resolve was made. Taking the pink envelope in her hand she started out, dreading the encounter and trying to imagine what the Martins would do and say. She was shown into the drawing-room, and when Mrs. Martin came in a few minutes later Jane at once entered upon her difficult task. Of course they treated the mistake as a huge joke, and Jane soon felt quite reassured. In the midst of it all Bob Martin came in and joined in their laughter, and the end of it was that his visit was not the flying one he had intended. He lingered on in M. for some weeks longer, much to the surprise of Mrs. Skimmer and gossip of her type. Somewhere Jane postponed her visit to the mountains, and when her mother returned home three months later there was a trousseau to be provided and a wedding day was fixed for the following January.

## Patty's Predicament.

By Jean Webster.

"HELLO, Patty! Have you read the bulletin-board this morning?" called Cathy Fair, as she caught up with Patty on the way home from a third-hour recitation.

"No," said Patty; "I think it's a bad habit. You see too many unpleasant things there."

"Well, there's certainly an unpleasant one to-day. Miss Skelling wishes the Old English class to be provided with writing materials this afternoon."

Patty stopped with a groan. "I think it's absolutely abominable to give an examination without a word of warning."

"Not an examination," quoted Cathy; "just a little test to see how much you know."

"I don't know a thing," wailed Patty; "not a blessed thing."

"Nonsense, Patty; you know more than anyone else in the class."

"Bluff—it's all pure bluff. I come in strong on the literary criticism and the general discussions, and she never realizes that I don't know a word of the grammar."

"You've got two hours. You can cut your classes and review it up."

"Two hours!" said Patty, sadly. "I need two days. I've never learned it. I tell you. The Anglo-Saxon grammar is a thing no mortal can carry in his head, and I thought I might as well wait and learn it before examinations."

"I don't wish to appear unfeeling,"

laughed Cathy, "but I should say, my dear, that it serves you right."

"Oh, I dare say," said Patty. "You are as bad as Priscilla!" and she trailed gloomily homeward.

She found her friends reviewing biology and eating olives. "Have one?" asked Lucille Carter, who, provided with a hatpin by way of fork, was presiding over the bottle for the moment.

"No, thanks," returned Patty, in the tone of one who has exhausted life and longs for death.

"What's the matter?" enquired Priscilla. "You don't mean to say that woman has given you another special topic?"

"Worse than that!" and Patty laid bare the tragedy.

A sympathetic silence followed; they realized that while she was, perhaps, not strictly deserving of sympathy, still her impending fate was of the kind that might overtake anyone.

"You know, Priscilla," said Patty, miserably, "that I simply can't pass."

"No," said Priscilla, soothingly, "I don't believe you can."

"I shall flunk flat—absolutely flat. Miss Skelling will never have any confidence in me again, and will make me recite every bit of grammar for the rest of the semester."

"I should think you'd cut," ventured George; that being, in her opinion, the most obvious method of escaping an examination.

"I can't. I just met Miss Skelling in the hall five minutes before the blow fell and she knows I'm alive and able to be about; besides, the class meets again to-morrow morning, and I'd have to cram all night or cut that too."

"Why don't you go to Miss Skelling and frankly explain the situation," suggested Lucille the virtuous, "and ask her to let you off for a day or two?" She would like you all the better for it."

"Will you listen to the guileless babe!" said Patty. "What is there to explain, may I ask? I can't very well tell her that I prefer not to learn the lessons as she gives them out, but think it easier to wait and cram them up at one fell swoop, just before examinations. That would ingratiate myself in her favor!"

"It's your own fault," said Priscilla.

Patty groaned. "I was just waiting to hear you say that! You always do."

"It's always true. Where are you going?" as Patty started for the door.

"I am going," said Patty, "to ask Mrs. Richards to give me a new room-mate; one who will understand and appreciate me, and sympathize with my afflictions."

Patty walked gloomily down the corridor, lost in meditation. Her way led past the door of the doctor's office, which was standing invitingly open. Three or four girls were sitting around the room, laughing and talking—and waiting their turns. Patty glanced in, and a radiant smile suddenly lightened her face, but it was instantly replaced by a look of settled sadness. She walked in and dropped into an arm-chair with a sigh.

"What's the matter, Patty? You look as if you had melancholia."

Patty smiled apathetically. "Not quite so bad as that," she murmured, and leaned back and closed her eyes.

"Next," said the doctor from the doorway; but as she caught sight of Patty she walked over and shook her arm. "Is this Patty Wyatt? What is the matter with you, child?"

"Come in here with me."

"It's not my turn," objected Patty.

"That makes no difference," returned the doctor.

Patty dropped limply into the consulting chair.

"Let me see your tongue. Um—um—isn't coated very much. Your pulse seems regular, though possibly a trifle feverish. Have you been working hard?"

"I don't think I've been working any harder than usual," said Patty, truthfully.

"Sitting up late nights?"

Patty considered. "I was up rather late twice last week," she confessed.

"If you girls persist in studying until all hours of the night, I don't know what we doctors can do."

Patty did not think it necessary to explain that it was a Welsh-rabbit party on each occasion, so she merely sighed and looked out of the window.

"Is your appetite good?"

"Yes," said Patty, in a tone which belied the words; "it seems to be very good."

"Um—um," said the doctor.

"I'm just a little tired," pursued Patty. "but I think I shall be all right as soon as I get a chance to rest. Perhaps I need a tonic," she suggested.

"You'd better stay out of classes for a day or two and get thoroughly rested."

"Oh, no," said Patty, in evident perturbation. "Our room is so full of girls all the time that it's really more restful to go to classes; and, besides, I can't stay out just now."

"Why not?" demanded the doctor, suspiciously.

"Well," said Patty, a trifle reluctantly, "I have a good deal to do. I've got to cram for an examination, and I've got the word 'cram' was to the doctor as a red rag to a bull. 'Nonsense!' she ejaculated. 'I know what I shall do with you. You are going right over to the infirmary for a few days—'"

"Oh, doctor!" Patty pleaded, with

tears in her eyes, "there's truly nothing the matter with me, and I've got to take that examination."

"What examination is it?"

"Old English—Miss Skelling."

"I will see Miss Skelling myself," said the doctor, "and explain that you cannot take the examination until you come out. And now," she added, making a note of Patty's case, "I will have you put in the convalescent ward, and we will try the rest cure for a few days, and feed you up on chicken-broth and egg-nog, and see if we can get that appetite back."

"Thank you," said Patty, with the resigned air of one who has given up struggling against the inevitable.

"I like to see you take an interest in your work," added the doctor, kindly; "but you must always remember, my dear, that health is the first consideration."

Patty returned to the study and executed an impromptu dance in the middle of the floor.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Priscilla. "Are you crazy?"

"No," said Patty; "only ill." And she went into her bedroom and began slinging things into a dress-suit case.

"Priscilla stood in the doorway and watched her in amazement. 'Are you going to New York?' she asked."

"No," said Patty; "to the infirmary."

"Patty Wyatt, you're a wretched little hypocrite!"

"Not at all," said Patty, cheerfully. "I didn't ask to go, but the doctor simply insisted. I told her I had an examination, but she said it didn't make any difference; health must be the first consideration."

"What's in that bottle?" demanded Priscilla.

"That's for my appetite," said Patty, with a grin. "The doctor hopes to improve it. I didn't like to discourage her, but I don't much believe she can." She dropped an Old English grammar and a copy of "Beowulf" into her suit-case.

"They won't let you study," said Priscilla.

"I shall not ask them," said Patty. "Good-by. Tell the girls to drop in occasionally and see me in my incarceration. Visiting hour from five to six." She stuck her head in again. "If anyone wants to send violets, I think they might cheer me up."

The next afternoon George and Priscilla presented themselves at the infirmary, and were met at the door by the austere figure of the head nurse. "I will see if Miss Wyatt is awake," she said, dubiously, "but I am afraid you will excite her; she's to be kept very quiet."

"Oh, no; we'll do her good," remonstrated George; and the two girls tiptoed in after the nurse.

The convalescent ward was a large, airy room, furnished in green and white, with four or five beds, each surrounded with brass poles and curtains. Patty was lying in one of the corner beds near a window, propped up on pillows, with her hair tumbled about her face, and a table beside her covered with flowers and glasses of medicine. This elaborate paraphernalia of sickness created a momentary illusion in the minds of the visitors, Priscilla ran to the bedside and dropped on her knees beside her invalid room-mate.

"Patty, dear," she said, anxiously; "how do you feel?"

A serene smile spread over Patty's face. "I've been able to take a little nourishment to-day," she said.

"Patty, you're a scandalous humbug! Who gave you those violets? With love, from Lady Clara Vere de Vere—that blessed freshman—and you've borrowed every drop of alcohol the poor child ever thought of owing. And whom are those roses from? Miss Skelling! Patty, you ought to be ashamed."

Patty had the grace to blush slightly. "I was a trifle embarrassed," she admitted; "but when I reflected upon how sorry she would have been to find out how little I knew, and how glad she will be to find out how much I know, my conscience was appeased."

"Have you been studying?" asked George.

"Studying!" Patty lifted up the corner of her pillow and exhibited a blue book. "Two days more of this, and I shall be the chief authority in America on Anglo-Saxon roots."

"How do you manage it?"

"Oh," said Patty, "when the rest-hour begins I lie down and shut my eyes, and they tiptoe over and look at me, and whisper, 'she's asleep,' and softly draw the curtains around the bed; and I get out the book and put in two solid hours of irregular verbs, and am still sleeping when they come to look at me. They're perfectly astonished at the amount I sleep. I heard the nurse telling the doctor that she didn't believe I'd had any sleep for a month. And the worst of it is," she added, "that I am tired, whether you believe it or not, and I should just love to stay over here and sleep all day if I weren't so beastly conscientious about that old grammar."

"Poor Patty!" laughed George. "She will be imposing on herself next, as well as on the whole college."

Friday morning Patty returned to the world.

"How's Old English?" enquired Priscilla.

"Very well, thank you. It was something of a cram, but I think I know that grammar by heart, from the preface to the index."



His curiosity ran away with him.—Judge.

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a good fair trial, with the tea-pot for counsel, yourself for judge, and your friends for a jury. The verdict is sure to be: **"The Most Perfect Tea Obtainable."**

"You're back in all your other work. Do you think it paid?"

"That remains to be seen," laughed Patty.

She knocked on Miss Skelling's door, and, after the first polite greetings, stated her errand: "I should like, if it is convenient for you, to take the examination I missed."

"Do you feel able to take it to-day?"

"I feel much better able to take it to-day than I did on Tuesday."

Miss Skelling smiled kindly. "You have done very good work in Old English this semester, Miss Wyatt, and I should not ask you to take the examination at all if I thought it would be fair to the rest of the class."

"Fair to the rest of the class?" Patty looked a trifle blank; she had not considered this aspect of the question, and slow red flush crept over her face. She hesitated a moment, and rose uncertainly. "When it comes to that, Miss Skelling," she confessed, "I'm afraid it wouldn't be quite fair to the rest of the class for me to take it."

Miss Skelling did not understand. "But, Miss Wyatt," she expostulated, in a puzzled tone; "it was not difficult. I am sure you could pass."

Patty smiled. "I am sure I could, Miss Skelling. I don't believe you could ask me a question that I couldn't answer. But the point is that it's all learned since Tuesday. The doctor was laboring under a little delusion—very natural under the circumstances—when she sent me to the infirmary, and I spent my time there studying."

"But, Miss Wyatt, this is very unusual. I shall not know how to mark you," Miss Skelling murmured in some distress.

"Oh, mark me zero," said Patty, cheerfully. "It doesn't matter in the least—I know such a lot that I'll get through on the finals. Good-by! I'm sorry to have troubled you." And she closed the door and turned thoughtfully homeward.

—From "When Patty Went to College" (Century Company).

## The Game of Life.

Not the quarry, but the chase.  
Not the laurel, but the race.  
Not the hazard, but the play.  
Make me, Lord, enjoy always.  
—Gelett Burgess in "McClure's."

## Morganatic Marriages in America.

THE announcement is made that the United States Government will deal strictly with army officers who have married Filipino girls and abandoned them. Commenting on this information, the Kansas City "Journal" alludes to the similar treatment of Indian girls by white men in the early settlement of the West—a state of affairs that was not confined to Uncle Sam's territory by any means, but applied to the Canadian North-West and British Columbia also, where there are to-day hundreds of halfbreed descendants of white men who made their mark in the commerce and politics of the country. Says the paper referred to:

"There is nothing particularly new in the revelations with respect to 'morganatic' marriages by United States army officers. Before the Civil War it was almost the customary thing for officers stationed in Oregon or Washington Territory to consort with Indian girls. At Tacoma or Seattle the visitor often has pointed out to him halfbreeds who bear the names of some of the most distinguished Civil War generals, and who are known to be the sons or daughters of these officers. It is explained that when these officers were young lieutenants they were stationed in the wilds of the North-West, far from the society of women of their own kind; that they needed housekeepers; that it was the custom of the region for white men to consort with Indian maidens; that, according to Indian standards, there was nothing wrong about it, and that from every standpoint it was advantageous to the girl taken for a temporary wife. At the little town of Puyallup, ten miles from Tacoma, there are two fine-looking men who bear the name of a general who for a long time was at the head of the quartermaster's department of the United States army. These men are the sons of the general. He married their mother, a Puyallup Indian, when he was a lieutenant, and stationed at the Puyallup Infirmary."

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"Our family physician examined Postum and decided to use it altogether in place of coffee. We all think it has no equal as a nourishment for the sick, for, beside being pleasant to the taste, it is so strengthening. My father and mother have always been coffee drinkers, and suffered all kinds of troubles from the coffee until about a year ago a neighbor was praising Postum and mother decided to try it."

"They improved at once and have drunk Postum ever since, and mother, who used to be bothered with nervousness and sleeplessness particularly, is in splendid health now. She says the change came entirely from drinking Postum and leaving off coffee." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

dian Agency, long before the Civil War. In later years he married an American woman in the far East, and reared a family. But he did not abandon his family on the Pacific Coast. His sons were taken east and put through one of the leading colleges. He frequently visited them, and openly acknowledged them. On one occasion, at least, he was accompanied by his American wife, who seemed to know the circumstances, and to have accepted them philosophically. His Indian wife lived for some years after he had married his American spouse, though he never visited her. But old-timers about Tacoma will tell the visitor how he made her old age comfortable while caring as a father should for the sons of their marriage."

## Servia's National Song.

Servia, peaceful land of flow'rs,  
Home of vines and leafy bow'rs,  
Thou, the Danube's gentle daughter,  
Rise, prepare for slaughter!  
Foes are near, will Servia cower?  
Rise, and strike for freedom's dower!  
Though no statelets towers have,  
Yet our land is fair and free!  
Servians, quit the plow and tether,  
One and all we'll fight together!

Free are Sav and Duna's waves,  
Shall we then be Turkish slaves?  
Like Stefan, so fam'd in story,  
We will lead to glory!  
Foes are near, will Servia cower?  
Rise, and strike for freedom's dower!  
Balkan vales, Moravian land,  
Free shall be from tyrant's hand!  
Servians, quit the plow and tether,  
One and all we'll fight together.

## The Odds Against Him.

Ezra Pike—Mother, you got ter stop takin' in summer boarders, or else I got ter quit farmin'.

Mrs. Pike—Wy, pa, what's the trouble?

Ezra Pike—They's no use prayin' fer rain with fourteen summer boarders prayin' fer fair weather.—Judge.

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**The SECRET OF PERFECT BUST Form**  
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Madam Thora's French Corset System of Bust Development is a simple home treatment and is guaranteed to enlarge the bust six inches; also fills hollow places in neck and chest. It has been used by leading actresses and society ladies for 20 years. Book giving full particulars sent free. Beautifully illustrated from life, showing figures before and after using the Corset System. Letters secretly confidential. Enclose stamp and address. Madam Thora Toilet Co., Toronto, Ont.



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The restaurant of the Empire is noted for the excellence of its cuisine, its efficient service and moderate prices.

A fine library of choice literature for the exclusive use of our guests. The Empire has long been the favorite hotel for tourists visiting the Metropolis.

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Must Bear Signature of

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FOR DIZZINESS.  
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—DRINK IT ALL  
—NO DRESS  
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The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented. A single trial will convince.

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**The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO.**  
OF TORONTO, Limited



## A VACATION

without a pair of our summer ties would be a vacation wasted. We have them from \$2.00 up.

H. & C. Blackford, 114 Yonge St. FINE AMERICAN SHOES

### Curious Bits of News.

The Ferris Wheel, the massive structure which was one of the main attractions during the World's Fair, in 1893, was sold at public auction in Chicago recently. A junk dealer bid in the wheel, and the sum paid for buildings, boilers, etc., was \$1,800. The wheel cost originally \$362,000, and outstanding against it are bonds amounting to \$300,000 and a floating debt of \$100,000.

The Mexican postal department has taken a new and novel means of informing the public of the weather bulletins given out by the Weather Bureau. Every letter which passes through the office is now stamped with the indications for the next twenty-four hours. This stamping is done at the same time that the postage stamps on the letters are cancelled and the receiving stamp affixed.

When a bill appropriating money for a home for lunatics and feeble-minded persons came up for discussion in the Michigan Legislature recently, it met with strong opposition from Mr. Rodgers, member for Muskegon. In the place of the Appropriation bill he introduced another, legalizing the painless slaughter of all idiots and feeble-minded inmates. Mr. Rodgers declared that many inmates of asylums, according to the reports of the superintendents, lacked even sufficient sense to know they were alive. In that case, he argued, it could not be cruelty to put them to death.

A recently published table of the British census gives the respective ages of all the married couples in the kingdom. There is one husband of ninety-five years who has a wife of twenty-one, while three husbands ranging in age from eighty-five to ninety-five have secured wives of twenty-five. Elderly wives and youthful husbands are rarer, and the greatest disparity in this direction is between a wife of sixty-five years and her husband of twenty. The oldest couple in the list are aged one hundred and ninety-five years, respectively, while the youngest pair have only numbered sixteen and fifteen summers, respectively.

A recent newspaper despatch quoted in the "Electrical Age" states that Sherman Hobson, a railroad man of Pueblo, Col., has just perfected an appliance which, if all proves true that is claimed for it by its inventor, will greatly reduce railroad collisions and save thousands of lives annually. "The new appliance is a sort of looking-glass to be hung on each side of an engine to enable the engineer and fireman to see the roadbed for six miles, both in front and in the rear. The chief value of the invention is that it does not make any difference if the road is curved or straight. The instrument works on the principle of a mirror, and it has been named by its inventor the 'miragescope.' It has been tested from Denver to Grand Junction on the Denver and Rio Grande and the Colorado Midland, and also passed favorable tests on the Colorado Southern and Missouri Pacific."

A New York audience, composed of priests of the Roman Catholic Church and several Protestant denominations, attended the demonstration recently made by Dr. Albert C. Geyer, who strove to elucidate ancient Bible miracles by means of electricity. Of his performance Dr. Geyer said: "I made use of a twelve-plate static electric machine to provide the energy. Setting two glass wheels of the battery in motion, I showed how simple it was to produce a halo of electric fire about my head, while I remained at a distance of several feet from the apparatus. After calling attention to that passage in the Bible which refers to the descent of the Holy Ghost in a pillar of fire, I tried to show that the enveloping of a person in a pillar of flame is not a miracle at all. A member of my audience volunteering for the experiment, I placed him on the platform before the apparatus, adjusting on each side the two steel rods forming positive and negative poles. Shortly after starting the machine tiny sparks flashed from the subject's clothing, swelling to curling blue flames, which enveloped his body. When the experiment was over not a thread of his clothing had been singed. I felt afterward that I had been able to demonstrate that miracles were in no way inconsistent with science."

Ella—But surely you are not going to marry against your parents' wishes? Flo—Why not? Did they marry to please me?

### Brain Building.

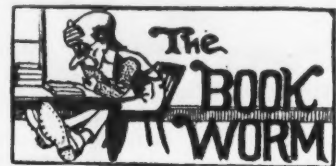
#### How to Feed Nervous Cases.

Hysteria sometimes leads to insanity and should be treated through feeding the brain and nerves upon scientifically selected food that restores the lost delicate gray matter. Proof of the power of the brain food Grape-Nuts is remarkably strong.

"About eight years ago, when working very hard as a court stenographer, I collapsed physically and then nervously, and was taken to the State Hospital for the Insane at Lincoln, Neb., a raving maniac. 'They had to keep me in a strait-jacket and I was kept in the worst ward for three months. I was finally dismissed in the following May, but did no brain work for years until last fall, when I was persuaded to take the testimony in two cases. One of these was a murder case, and the strain upon my nervous system was so great that I would have broken down again except for the strength I had built up by the use of Grape-Nuts. When I began to feel the pressure of the work on my brain and nerves I simply increased the amount of Grape-Nuts and used the food more regularly.

"I now feel like my old self again and am healthy and happy. I am sure that if I had known of Grape-Nuts when I had my trouble eight years ago I would never have collapsed and this dark spot in my life would never have happened. Grape-Nuts' power as a brain food is simply wonderful, and I do not believe any stomach is so weak that it cannot digest this wonderful food. I feel a delicacy about having my name appear in public, but if you think it would help any poor sufferer you can use it." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

There are desserts and desserts. The delicious health-giving kind are told about in the little recipe book found in each package of Grape-Nuts.



**THE BOOK WORM**  
THERE are fashions in books and in literary forms as well as in clothes. The latest fashion in the former, and one that will likely prove popular, is the novelette—the little story, somewhat longer than the average piece of magazine fiction, but not so long as the average piece of book fiction; printed and bound, however, with all the care and artistic detail bestowed on the most handsomely executed example of the latter. Fisher Unwin in London has been issuing these convenient and inviting little volumes in his "Pseudonym" library, and now the style is introduced into Canada by Messrs. Morang & Co., who are publishing a charmingly gotten-up series of pocket novelettes in cloth binding at 50 cents apiece. Two of these already issued are "Man Overboard," by F. Marion Crawford, and "Philosophy Four," by Owen Wister. The former of these is a first-class sailor's ghost story—just such a yarn as every normally constituted boy and girl has shuddered over in school days and as every man and woman with sound nerves loves to hark back to in later years. Never was Crawford's consummate skill as a story-writer displayed to better advantage than in this fascinating picture of life at sea. It has all the vividness and individuality of the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," all the creepiness and tense fascination of Edgar Allan Poe's grimmest phantasies. It is the story of an avenging nemesis, of a foul deed fittingly (and horribly!) expiated. Incidentally Marion Crawford displays an astonishing acquaintance with the vernacular of the main and with the technique of navigation. In this respect not even Kipling is Crawford's master when it comes to a showdown of the cards.

"The Composite Lady," by Thomas Cobb, is one of Unwin's Colonial Library numbers, recently published. It is a tale of a rich young man with a bride-to-be suggested by family environment, a second cousin with head and heart qualities which he appreciates but does not love. This man falls in love with a pictured face in the annual exhibition at Burlington House, and confides his passion to his cousin, who agrees amiably to help him discover the original, and in meeting the painter in his studio to that end, meets her ultimate fate. The original of the portrait, for there were three, has a queer struggle for the rich young man, on whose final settlement the interest of the story hinges. The romance of Alison, the second cousin of the hero, is finely disguised until it is brought to a satisfactory climax.

The story of "Gorden Keith," a gentleman by birth and adventurer by necessity, is full of Thomas Nelson Page's direct strength and fascination in tale-telling. The Copp, Clark Company (Limited) present the Canadian edition, which is prettily illustrated by George Wright. The experiences of Keith, his love affairs, business troubles and perils of various descriptions, with graphic sketches of different phases and conditions of life in America, and a host of characters and much incident, fill a volume which will never fail of interest to the lover of what one may call "melodramatic" literature. New York and the "Wild West" are the scenes of most of the incidents which crowd the story of a section of Gordon Keith's existence.

"By Thames and Tiber," a novel by Mrs. Aylmer Gowing (Long's Colonial Library), is not, as one might suppose, an aquatic voyage, but the story of a descendant of the splendid Greeks of Nero's time, whose English birth does not overcome her strong desire to hark back to her ancient people, the accidental discovery of her perfect resemblance to a famous marble bust of a virgin "patricienne" bearing her name, "Ida," who had died for the Christian faith in the Neronian persecutions, serving only to heighten her imaginative and intense desire to realize further her ancestry. Returning from a visit to Italy, where she meets some family connections, and recognizes her resemblance to the marble bust, Ida is immersed in the engagements of a London season and meets Edgar Penrice, a successful musician with a past, who wins her affections without his own knowledge and who marries her to save her from sinking into hypochondriacal inertia. Ida has had peculiar training and is practically an agnostic. During her honeymoon journey jealousy and the suspicion of her husband's motive in marrying her torment her. Friends aid the unhappy mental attitude, and while the party containing Edgar and Ida are exploring the Catacombs, the latter deliberately leaves her friends and is lost for several days in the gruesome abode of the dead. During those days she relives her life as the Christian Martyr, Ida, a patrician maiden of old Greece, pursued by Nero. The descriptions of the Eternal City are richly fascinating and full of power. When Edgar discovers Ida (and his love for her at the same time) she is in a state of trance, in which she continues for eighteen days. On regaining consciousness, she is so influenced by her former incarnation that she declares herself a Christian, and everything ends rosily. The whole interminable story is involved with the adventures of a most extraordinary duke and duchess, a very unpleasant but brave officer (whom the duchess jilted to marry his cousin, the duke), and a section of the "American" colony in London. That the duchess should jilt the soldier, compromise herself with him later on, bury her husband and, as a final achievement, bring a son and heir into the world to deprive the brave and naughty soldier of the succession, is Mrs. Aylmer Gowing's idea of aristocratic carrying-on. Frankly speaking, one may fairly compare the ways of the ancients and the doings of the moderns and remain in some doubt as to the superiority of Thames over Tiber, even with Nero dominating conditions in society on the banks of the latter stream.

Edward S. Van Zile in the July "Smart Set" follows up the vein of humor and satire which he laid bare in "Perkins the Fakier," recently reviewed in this column. In "The Metempsychosis of the Ogdens," he represents the father of a beautiful young society girl as forced to assume for a short time his daughter's identity, through the instrumentality of an apparently harmless Oriental curio which he possesses. The adventures which befall them, needless to say, are ludicrous in the extreme.

Augustine Birrell's comment, in the "Nineteenth Century and After," on the latest Carlyle letters will seem to many readers the mellowest and at the same time the soundest criticism that has been called forth since these ill-judged disclosures of domestic trivialities first began to be made. The article is reprinted in the "Living Age" for June 13.

We call the following from the advertisement columns of a Winnipeg journal: WEE MACGREGOR.

by J. J. Bell. This book has taken England by storm. McIntosh Library and Clarendon Cigar Store.

P.S.—For high grade Havana Cigars give us a call; we only handle the best.

Literature and smoke were ever close allies.

Charles Hanbury Williams, whose travel sketches from the Dominion have been so vivacious, now sums up the result of his observations in an article in more serious vein: "The American Invasion of Northwestern Canada." It will be found in the "Living Age" for June 20.

Under the title "A Rose of Normandy" W. R. A. Wilson has brought together a series of incidents most of which are familiar to the average reader of fiction, especially of historical romances, and turned them out as his own. The subject matter is of great interest to Canadians, treating as it does of Frontenac, Sieur de la Salle, other early French officials, and the discovery of Western Canada. Also it gives a good portrayal of the life of the French capital at that time, but we have had it all many times before. In fact, in one place Mr. Wilson has recklessly quoted verbatim, except for a change in names, a chapter from Francis Parkman's "Count Frontenac and New France Under Louis XIV." Every school girl and boy is familiar with "The Heroine of Vercheres" in one of the readers, so when it is served up as the adventure of Mlle. Renee d'Outrelaise it is rather astounding, to say the least, and one must be forgiven for doubting the originality of the whole book. It is published by George N. Morang & Co. (Limited).

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Love Thrives in War." A romance of the frontier in 1812. By Mary Catherine Crowley. Illustrated by Clyde O. De Land. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. (Limited).

"A Gentleman of the South." A memory of the Black Belt from the manuscript memoirs of the late Colonel Stanton Elmore. Edited without change by William Garrett Brown. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. (Limited).

"The Red Triangle." Being some further chronicles of Martin Hewitt, investigator. By Arthur Morrison. London: T. Fisher Unwin.



A Commentator.—N. Y. "Life."

### Modern Authors.

No more in dim garrets  
Sharp hunger they feel,  
And write half a ream  
For the price of a meal.

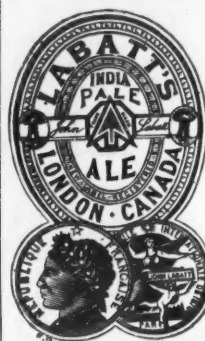
No Goldsmiths and Johnsons,  
They bend brains and back,  
A laureled immortal—  
A bookseller's hack!

With publishers portly  
They royally dine,  
And ride to oblivion  
In carriages fine.  
—Atlanta "Constitution."

### Where Waves are Highest.

IN his book of sailing experiences, "Deep Sea Vagabonds," Albert Sornischen, who threatens to outlive the life of the man before the mast, gives a vivid and awful account of his first trip around Cape Horn, the roughest sea passage in the world. He writes:

"For two solid weeks it blew a roaring gale with a few rare half-hour intermissions. With top-sails, foresail, mainsail, and sometimes reefed top-gallant sail set, we scudded before the wind at a twelve-knot rate. Such waves I had never seen. I did not actually measure the distance between their tops; it seemed two miles, but I will swear by oaths, anyhow. I have read somewhere that waves never reach over fifty feet in height. Our rigging was over a hundred, and still when we sat on our royal yards and the ship was down in the trough of a sea, we could not see beyond the waves before and astern of us. Nor is this to be wondered at so much, for in this belt, and only here, wind and waves have the sweep of the globe's circumference. On would come those mighty green foam-capped mountains, heaving the big ship skyward, until it seemed our masts must pierce the



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**LABATT'S  
ALE and PORTER**  
SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS



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Men's Lace Boots, in patent kid, patent colt and glazed kid. Sizes 5 to 11, widths B, C, D, 7.00 and ..... \$8.00

Women's Patent and Glazed Kid Lace Boots—the newest styles and the best shoes made..... \$7.00

See them at 110 and 210 Yonge Street.

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**St. Leger**  
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## The Woman Who Dyes

finds it hard and uncertain work. Our experts know the best way to dye or clean each different article. Lace curtains a specialty with us.

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"He is spontaneous and sincere and we read him with pleasure."

New York Tribune.

## HORSES NINE

Stories of Harness and Saddle  
**By Sewell Ford**

"Possesses a literary quality, a dash and sweep and exhilaration that 'Black Beauty' never aspired to."

N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

"The best book of its class we have ever read. It knows both man and beast; it has tenderness, dramatic strength and abundant humor, and it rings true in every word."

Cleveland Leader.

Striking Illustrations. Cloth only, \$1.00

The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Publishers, Toronto.

dies accepted the invitation, and visited the Ojibways that summer.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.

### The Miniature Electric Fan.

The latest thing in electric fans for house use is the miniature fan, which is attached to the chandelier by a cord and hangs in the place of one of the lamps. One of these fans hang over the dining-table makes just a sufficient current of air to be comfortable.

They may be seen in operation at the showrooms of the Toronto Electric Light Company, No. 12 Adelaide street east, where they are for sale at very reasonable prices.

### For Summer Cooking.

Automatic 2-burner wickless coal oil stove, \$6.75. Gasoline stove, 2-burner, \$4.50. Two burner gas stove, \$2. Coal oil stoves from 60c up at G. & J. Murray's, 224 Yonge street.

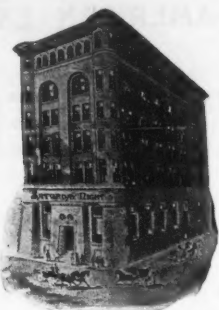


**BABY'S OWN SOAP**

used by particular people both young and old. Keeps the skin soft, clear and white.

No other Soap is just as Good. 25c ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MRS. MONTREAL





## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

Vol. 16 TORONTO, CANADA, JUNE 27, 1903. No. 33

## OUTDOOR



## PASTIMES

**W**HAT is the matter with this town, anyway? Here we are, the most loyal lacrosse town in Canada, and we haven't got a team that can make a decent showing. What is wrong? We have a team of Simon pures in the big league. They look good enough on paper to take the Shamrocks into camp, but when they get out upon the field even such a miserable team as the Montreals can take their measure.

Then we have the Tecumsehs, recruited from all over Ontario, and they have to take bitter medicine just as regularly and in larger doses than the Torontos.

Do not imagine for one minute that the Toronto ball team is out of the pennant race. The team is liable to wake up at any moment and strike its proper gait. In spite of the calamity howlers, there is something in these tales of hard luck. On the trip Louis Bruce time after time landed on the ball fairly and squarely at critical moments, but the fielders robbed him of base hits by sensational stops. He is batting away up in the .360 column at that, though. Downey, too, found the ball, but he could not keep it out of the way of the men in the outfield. Every other team in the first division has had a trio of outfielders batting over the .300 mark ever since the season opened. Toronto did not have this, but the outfield is rounding into shape now. White has been finding the ball all season, and Brodie is doing something in that line, too. With Dillard of Newark added in the outside line the batting should be brought up to the proper mark.

The infield is all right in fielding, though none of the men is batting up to the mark. Massey was very poor with the stick on the trip abroad, but he has got the range in the past couple of games and is hitting as of yore. Miller can bat away better than he is doing. He is about in the .250 class now. Kuhns is hitting a little these days, too. His gingery playing is remarked by everyone who journeys up to Diamond Park.

The pitching staff cannot be bettered in the league, and the other end of the battery is well filled out. The twirlers have been pitching gilt-edged ball all season. It is not their fault that so many games were lost. Slow base-running is the team's chief fault. When the men get on the bases they have to be batted around, and at critical moments the most of them act like wooden men. The leaders are likely to hammer each other down at any moment now.

Well, cheer up, anyhow!

The boom fever is in the air in Toronto. Cricket is the latest sport to catch the disease. There must be at least a hundred cricket teams in Toronto now, and more clubs are forming every week. St. Michael's College and St. Basil's Separate school have their cricket clubs now. They will play on 'Varsity lawn.

Mimico Asylum cricket team is rapidly becoming one of the strongest aggregations in this part of Ontario. This year they have acquired Evans, who coached Upper Canada College last year, and with F. W. Terry, who came last year, Whitaker, Hargrave, Dr. Beemer, and his son, the team has men good both at the bat and in the field. They will take some of the best teams in Ontario into camp this season.

Percy Reid of the Toronto Club is a young player who is showing up well as a bowler. He has a slow, medium ball which carries a good leg break. It is a very deceptive ball, which is particularly exasperating to old players, who step up confident of batting the young man's bowling all over the lot. Reid gives the ball so many strange turns and shoots that it often puzzles the wicket keeper.

The Toronto Canoe Club's "broad shallow war canoe vs. deep narrow war canoe" discussion has been settled. The advocates of the shallow, beamy boat won out. At the club's regatta last Saturday the scrub crew, called by courtesy the junior war canoe crew, in the broad boat, beat the flower of the paddling flock in the deep canoe in a half-mile straight-away race. The senior crew is now paddling in the broad boat, and will do so at the American Canoe Association meet at Sugar Island in the St. Lawrence River on July 1. The deep narrow boat is a "man killer." The paddlers have to crowd up against the gunwale to paddle, and she has such wild sides that they bruise their knees and thighs. She is cranky, too, and hard to steer. The beamy boat is the oldest boat—the club possesses. She has been daubed with black lead until she looks like a stone hooker after a month in the slime in West Market street slip. At the A. C. A. meet the Toronto men will paddle against the fast Eastern war canoe crews, all of whom are afloat in broad shallow boats.

It is too bad that the two fine twin steam yachts the Polson Iron Works are turning out for Mr. William Macenzie and Mr. E. R. Wood are not going to remain in the harbor. They would be ornaments to any fresh water fleet. They are 76 feet over all, and have long, lean bows, and the "knuckle," or Thornycroft torpedo-boat sterns. They are light draft craft, and will get over the water at a fourteen mile an hour gait. With their long, white bodies, plate glass and polished hardwood cabin tops, rich curtains, and nicely polished decks, they will be handsome craft.

CORINTHIAN.

## Ridley College Games.

The fourteenth annual games of Ridley College took place on the athletic field last Friday afternoon. The day was a perfect one, and the field was at its best. A large number of people from St. Catharines and out of town were present to watch the various events, and as these were closely contested a most enjoyable afternoon was spent by all.

Among those present from outside were Mayor Knight and Mrs. Knight, Mr. W. D. Doherty, Buffalo; Mrs. A. C. Hastings, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Mrs. Myles and Miss Myles, Miss Moore, Mr. R. Harris, Mr. George Robertson, Hamilton; Mrs. Darrell, Miss Hayden, Miss Bascom, Mr. H. Darrell, Master Harry Darrell, Miss E. Dalton, Misses Cross, Miss Evelyn Robertson, Mrs. Score, Dr. Millman, Toronto; Miss Bensons.



DR. LORENZ AT THE CAPITAL.

Sir Wilfrid—You're here just in the nick of time, Doctor, as Jack Canuck here is suffering from a bad attack of subdeltitis.

Port Hope; Mrs. McCollum and Miss Lee, Welland. A number of Old Boys were present, among them Messrs. Frank Spence, H. D. Gooderham, E. D. Gooderham, S. C. Snively, D. H. C. Mason, J. P. Haverson, W. B. Hendry, B.A. F. W. Baldwin, Toronto; George J. Tuckett, Hamilton; C. M. Keys, B.A., New York; E. H. Fitzhugh, Cambridge, Mass.; A. W. Harcourt, Welland, Ont.; E. M. Burrow, New York; F. A. McGivern, Hamilton. The handsome cups for the senior championship and junior championship presented by Mr. W. G. Gooderham and Mr. George Gooderham, were greatly admired, and R. D. Hague and J. M. Glen, the respective champions, are to be congratulated on winning such magnificent prizes.

## The Song of Sixteen.

I am so young, and the sun is shining  
That has shone on millions of girls before—  
They had their day of joy, or of pining,  
Then went afar to some unknown shore.

But I—I am young—and Life's glad Summer  
Is still for me, with its days unburned;  
And Earth has welcome for each newcomer,  
However it mock at the hopes outworn.

Poor souls, that lived and died and are done with—  
You who were gay in this merry world,  
Do you ever recall the pleasures begun with,  
Before the banner of youth was furled?

Let me make the most of the joys that woo me;  
Now is my season to laugh and to sing,  
Not yet shall Age and its chill undo me;  
Not yet shall Winter its cold blasts bring.

The birds are blithe because it is morning;  
Blithely they sing as the sun climbs high;  
Like them I will laugh at Time and his warning;  
I am sixteen, and my sun's in the sky.

—Louise Chandler Moulton in "Smart Set."

## Climax of the Carlyle Controversy.

**T**HE Carlyle controversy recently raging in England reached the climax of bitterness on June 9th, with the publication by Longmans, Green & Co. of a posthumous pamphlet by James Anthony Froude Carlyle's biographer. The paper is entitled, "My Relations with Carlyle," and was found after Froude's death—having evidently prepared it, foreseeing that his biography of Carlyle would some day be attacked as a slander. Froude's literary executors explain that they have published the manu-

script only because of Sir James Crichton-Browne's virulent charges against him in the introduction to the "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle."

Mr. Froude notes that Carlyle and his wife were not happily mated: "Rumor said that she and Carlyle quarreled often, and I could easily believe it. . . . Various hints were dropped in the circle which gathered at the house in Cheyne row about the nature of the relations between them, that their marriage was not a real marriage, and was only companionship." Mrs. Carlyle "was sarcastic when she spoke of her husband—a curious blending of pity, contempt, and other feelings." He was "never more eloquent than in speaking of his own crosses." He was "impatient, irritable, strangely forgetful of others, self-occupied, and bursting into violence at the smallest and strangest provocation—evidently a most difficult and trying household companion."

Thus lived this pair of unhappy beings, till death claimed Mrs. Carlyle. He was overcome with misery at her loss. "He shut himself up in the house with her diaries and papers, and for the first time was compelled to look himself in the face and to see what his faults had been. The worst of those faults I have concealed hitherto. I can conceal them no longer. He found a remembrance in her diary of the blue marks which in a fit of passion he had once inflicted on her arms. As soon as he could collect himself he put together a memoir of her, in which with deliberate courage he inserted the incriminating passages (by me omitted) of her diary. . . . and he added an injunction of his own that however stern and tragic that record might be, it was never to be destroyed."

Thus by an act of sincerity which recalls Rousseau, he decided that the truth should be told. And what is the full truth? It is revealed in these passages: "Geraldine Jewsbury was Mrs. Carlyle's most intimate and confidential friend. Their correspondence, a large part of which Miss Jewsbury gave me, . . . proves sufficiently how close the confidence was. . . . I had myself some external acquaintance with Miss Jewsbury. When she heard that Carlyle had selected me to write his biography she came to me to say that she had something to tell me which I ought to know. I must have learnt that the whole state of things had been most unsatisfactory; the explanation of it was that 'Carlyle was one of those persons who ought never to have married.' Mrs. Carlyle had at first endeavored to make the best of the position in which she found herself. But his extraordinary temper was in consequence of his organization. As he grew older and more famous he had become more violent and overbearing. She had longed for children and children were denied to her. This had been at the bottom of all the quarrels and all the unhappiness."

Froude had felt "all along that there must be some mystery of the kind." "Indeed, as I have already said, there were floating suspicions long before in the circle of Cheyne

row. That Mrs. Carlyle had resented it was new to me. I had supposed that probably in the struggling and forlorn circumstances in which they began their married life they had agreed, being both of them singular persons, that they would do better without a family. Miss Jewsbury entirely dispelled this supposition. She said that Mrs. Carlyle never forgave the injury which she believed herself to have received. She had often resolved to leave Carlyle. He, of course, always admitted that she was at liberty to go if she pleased."

Hence Mrs. Carlyle looked with bitterness upon his relations with Lady Ashburton. His wife "had once been his idol, she was now a household drudge." Miss Jewsbury further elucidated the strange relations of the Carlyles. "She said to me that Carlyle was the nobler of the two. Her veneration for her teacher never flagged in spite of all. . . . In her last illness, when she knew that she was dying, and when it is entirely inconceivable that she would have uttered any light or ill-considered gossip, she repeated all this to me with many curious details. I will mention one, as it shows that Carlyle did not know when he married what his constitution was. The morning after his wedding day he tore to pieces the flower garden at Comely Bank in a fit of ungovernable fury."

On one occasion Mrs. Carlyle told him that she had almost made up her mind to leave him. His answer was, "Well, I do not know that I should have missed you; I was very busy just then with Cromwell."

Such are the chief and most striking disclosures of this singularly indiscreet pamphlet. There is much other matter bearing on the intimate relations of Carlyle, his wife, and Lady Ashburton, but into these things there is no need to go further. The one redeeming feature of the whole sorrowful tale is Carlyle's eagerness that his wife's reputation should be vindicated, even at the expense of his fame, and the absolute sincerity which led him to tell and not to suppress the truth.

It is already announced that a rejoinder to Froude's pamphlet is to be published, which will be of a "startling" nature. The London "Daily Mail," next day after the appearance of Froude's scandalous recital, published an interview with a gentleman long intimate with the Carlyle family, who said: "I can give an unqualified denial to the suggestion implied in the statement that Carlyle 'was a man who ought never to have been married.' These notes of Froude's were in pencil, and their existence had long been known to members of the Carlyle family."

## The Ingle Love.

Oh! those that love in the winter-time, if they part they will still be friends,  
But the summer love is a fickle love that ends when the summer ends;

For the love that comes with the long dark nights only leaves when the life-breath leaves,  
But the love that comes when the roses come goeth out with the lifted sheaves!

Oh! the love that is ours in the summer-time is a dainty love and a gay,  
And it plays on the edge of a careless heart as the summer lightning plays;

But the love that comes with the winter wind and the sweep of the drifted snow  
Is a love that draweth the curtain close and letteth the whole world go!

Oh! the love that gathers the wild lane-flowers and the love that waits by the sea  
Is a wilful love and a wanton love, and it's never the love for me;

But the love that gathers the fallen twigs and lights us the dead heart-fires—  
Oh! the winter love and the ingle love is the love that the world desires!

—Will H. Ogilvie in "Outlook."

## The Great Misunderstood.

"Some of these men just come from England to 'hire out' with the Ontario farmers have brought with them cricket and rowing outfits, golf clubs and tennis rackets. And the farmer stares at the new hired man, and the new hired man stares at the farmer."—Glencoe "Transcript," Ontario, Canada.)

**T**HE two farmers pulled up their respective teams.

"Hullo, Bill."

"'Lo, Sam."

"I hear yeh've got a gentleman farmer workin' for yeh."

"Yep."

"Where did yeh get him?"

"He was shunted off I thought at the station t'other night. Has big mild eyes, so I downed I'd bring him home for the children to play with."

"Dyer think yeh can keep him tame?"

"Sure I can. He eats out of my hand already."

"Yeh don't say. Is he an H-dropper or an A-flattener?"

"O, he's the real thing all right. Wears the cuttest little knee pants when he goes out walking on Sundays."

"Go on. Is he the son of a belted knight or has he come from a country vicarage—the youngest of seventeen?"

"I don't know. He hasn't uncorked yet."

"Well, have you taken him around the farm and introduced him to the cows and horses?"

"What for?"

"Why, if he's a trueborn Englishman he'll not even speak to your collic pup without first having a formal introduction."

"I ought to have known that, but I forgot. I'll see that he gets a right knockdown this afternoon."

"What's he doin' fer yeh to-day?"

"I set him to siffin' seed corn with his tennis racket."

"That's a good idea, and say, you'll find them steel-headed shinny clubs fine for keeping the coulter clean when yeh're plowin' in weeds. But I must go in' now. Geddup!"

"So long, Sam."

"So long, Bill. Don't fail to let him see that we've imperial ideas over here, and that no one man can be the whole bloomin' empire."

"O, I'll tend to his case, don't you fret. So long."—C. A. Nuck in London "Punch."

## Glad Tidings for Gourmets.

**J**OYFUL news awaits the epicure in Europe these days—and there are many such from this side of the Atlantic. People who go to Europe to eat and drink rather than to familiarize themselves with "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome," can have their desires catered to as never before. "It is strange," says London "Truth," "that we should have had to wait till now for the appearance of a work so much needed as 'The Gourmet's Guide to Europe.' There must be many tourists keener to know where they can enjoy the best dinner in a Continental town than to improve their minds with a knowledge of its history, its famous buildings, its artistic treasures, and so on. Yet, though plenty of guide-books have been filled with the latter sort of information, none have taken more than the curtest, most perfunctory notice of the former very important subject. Lieutenant-Colonel Newnham-Davis and Mr. Algernon Bastard came to the rescue with the valuable volume Mr. Grant Richards has just published. In it they discourse in a pleasant, gossiping, yet critical, style of the cookery and the wines, the specialties and the characteristics, the service and the prices at the chief restaurants of Europe. As the outcome of diligent gastronomic research and experiments by good judges, the 'Gourmet's Guide' will prove an inestimable boon to the traveler who desires to do himself well on the Continent."

## Practical Philosophy.

When we say that a man is sound we generally mean that he agrees with us.

When a man is no good at anything in particular his friends flatter his vanity by calling him "versatile."

Some of us reserve our best smile for select occasions as though wearing it upon all occasions would not improve it.

The self-made man holds that his parents were minnows and that he is a whale.

There is one lucky thing about spoiled children—we never have them in our own family.

A widow is one who has buried her husband; a grass widow is one who has simply mislaid him.

Matrimony is a high sea for which no compass has yet been invented.

A shadow is always darker and larger than the figure that makes it.



PUTTING IT ON TOO STRONG.

Curculio Gamey—If that head gardener keeps pumping on that editorial solution, he'll kill the tree, and there won't be either fruit or foliage for me to light on.





## Dominion Day in the Far West

A Queer Mixture of Races and Tongues.  
BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE.



NO fewer than eighteen nationalities were present, not including half-breeds. The celebration lasted four days, and was talked of four months. Down on the river flats at the rear of old Fort Edmonton stood two acres of tip-curling white tepees; Chief Hobbein's clan from the reservation sixty miles down the trail. Their hundreds of ponies were hobbled in ugly pied bunches on the grass, and their scores of unsentimental dogs glared out from under the carts and wagons at the seventeen white nations. The chief probably knew as much about the historic significance of Dominion Day as ten kinds of foreigners present, which was precisely nothing. But his braves had ponies to sell at five dollars up, and his squaws fancy beaded mocassins at any price possible.

Many of the squaws came straddled on the cayuses, bedizened in marvelous sunset skirts and blankets, their smoky faces be-piped and beamed. Their braves had forgotten the day when Big Bear and Poundmaker tried to smash Confederation. They had all come to smoke the pipe of peace in a town where tobacco was "heap plenty." The tomtoms thumped with that peculiar festive beat which naturally comes from pounding a stretched deerskin with a big bone. Copper-skinned braves who for twelve moons had slouched round the reservation in unromantic overalls and missionary coats, floated over that campus in all the pigment variations of semi-nude. It was the sun-dance, the biggest and most chronic feature of the celebration, about the sole remaining chance the red man has of being supremely wild.

The old-timers turned out in full force, the sun-burnt makers of civilization in the north. Their wives had known the stern luxury of the trail and the camp on the cart-routes to Fort Garry. Some of their children were born in the log shacks that first made a town on the stairs of that big river. They had a procession on the first day, a reminiscent caravan of Red River carts, ox-wagons, and trophies of the chase, symbolical of the first dots of empire on the prairie. They talked Cree to the braves, but they left the buying of cayuses

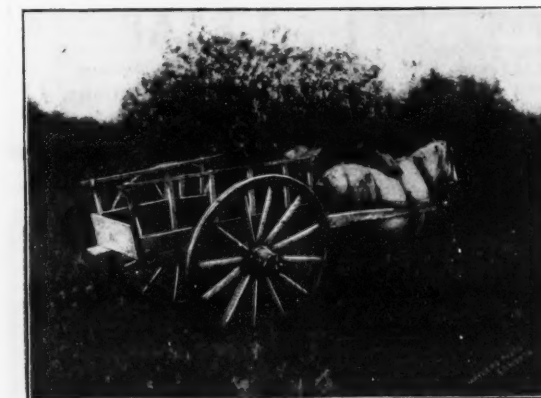


PACKING INDIAN PONIES.

to the unwary tenderfoot who thinks a ten-dollar washboard of wind and wool is a twenty-dollar chance. Half-breeds came red-sashed and hat-plumed two hundred miles from all the fish settlements on the north lakes. They pitched their grey camps on a creek at the outskirts. Those who had wives and families and no buckboards put their women on cayuses and tied the babies on pole-drags shafted to the saddle to trail behind. They played on the accordions and the fiddles in the stores, sold a few furs, and bought whiskey.

Galicians were there from fifty miles east in all the known convolutions of sheepskin, a colorless, unromantic mob. Their wagons and wives were camped up on the river bank. All they knew of Dominion Day was that it constituted a chance to buy Indian horses. A sheepskinned Podobolnetz up against a red-blanketed, feather-pinked Takahochawetaskiwin on a cayuse deal was something to give a common camera the blind staggers, and an ordinary phonograph the lockjaw. The more they jabbered in the languages of two continents the farther that cayuse seemed from being bought.

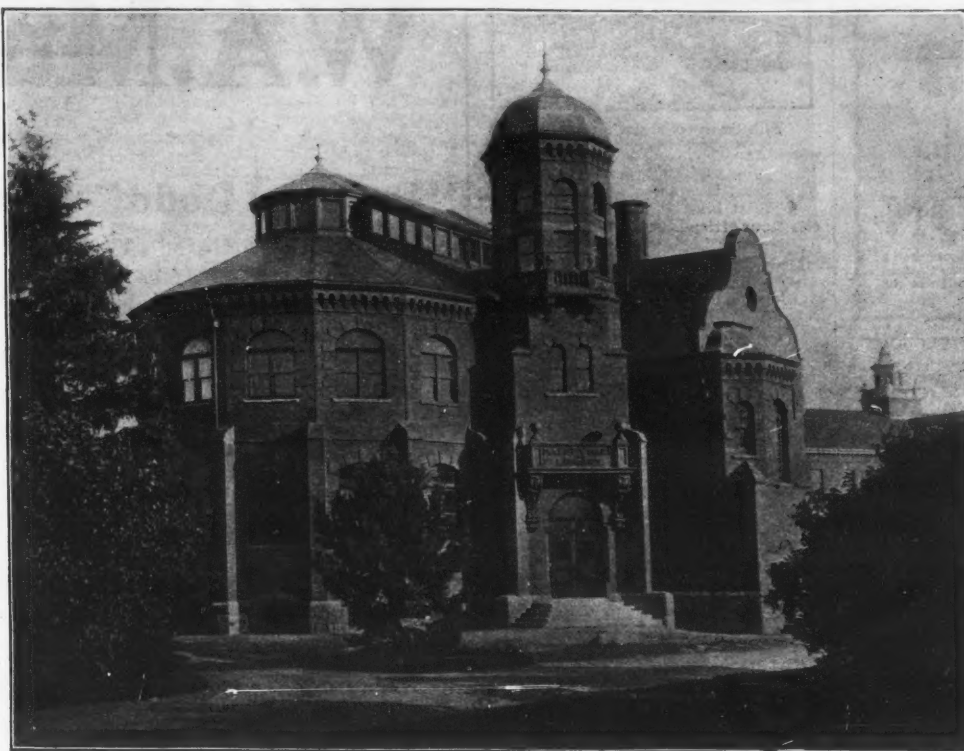
Races every day—of all kinds. Church booths on the race-course gave dinners to people who discussed the bill of fare in most of the languages of Europe. There was a man from Corsica and another from the Isle of Man. Ruddy Germans and white-haired Norwegians, gabbling Belgians and garrulous French, stalwart Danes and bearded Russians, Jews and Austrians, Orkneyites and ten kinds of John Bull. The town band played "The Maple Leaf." They might as well have played "The Old Folks at Home" for about two per cent. of the whole Midway knew even the tune or the words of the chorus. The maple leaf was not their "emblem dear" for in the whole Lone Land from Rat Portage to Fort Good Hope on the Mackenzie, four thousand miles, there is not a single real leaf of that kind. The old-timer was down with his bagpipes, playing heathery jigs to the tomtom's tump and the ki-yi of the sun dance. The half-breed's accordion wheezed



RED RIVER CART.  
(All wood but the nails.)

out "The Irish Washerwoman" to the jibber-jabber of Mongolians. The Chinaman was there with his Galician wife and their international baby. A half-breed woman held a long conversation in bad English with a dusky man in pig-tails. "Americans" were there clear from Missouri to Oregon, some of them relics of the Klondike pilgrimage, most of them ranchers from down the line, shaggy-headed and frilled, out for a good sociable time on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, with a roaring Stars and Stripes culmination on the 4th. Nova Scotians hobnobbed with folk from Victoria. Mounted policemen rode round in scarlet tunics and yellow stripes, some from England, some from India, and some from Australia, and more from Ontario. And the shouts for the race winners would have made the tower of Babel a monologue in comparison. But the Union Jack flapped serenely over the whole hubbub.

The enterprising school principal from a new town down the railroad came with a lot of his town-folk, most of them on horseback. Just nine languages were spoken in his school-yard at recess time. They had no Sunday school picnic that year, not being yet acclimatized to peanuts and lemonade. Also as yet they had no Sunday school, but the principal was a patriarchal chap who liked to set an example of fine Western democracy and true culture to his pupils. Some race had been declared off and the principal was regretting the flunk. The week before, he had been trying to teach his cosmopolitan pupils the abstruse terms of the B. N. A. Act. Some of them had got one and a half per cent. on the Canadian history at the exam—two per cent. of that being given for neatness. The principal thought this was a good chance to give his parishioners an object lesson in practical confederation. He challenged a long Indian, by name Mooswa, renowned in all the camps for his long-wind speed, to a hundred-yard sprint on the race-course. Side money went up in heaps. The pedagogue also put up three bets with heavy odds—on the



MASSEY HALL AND LIBRARY.

The gift of the Massey Estate to the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. Formally opened last week.

Indian—for he himself was an ungainly sort of pelican in his racing togs, and he knew it. But he toed that hundred yards into a Caucasian dust-smoke while Mooswa was getting his Cree wind. He won by two seconds, and handed every dollar of his side and bet money over to his parson on behalf of the new church his town was trying to build down the line. Whereat the rival crowd put up Mooswa against the pedagogue on a half mile, which the Cree won by a foot-length amid aboriginal ki-yis of joy and some half-dusky bet-maker yelling, "Blood will tell!"

Some kind of concert was given in the hall every evening by a stage outfit from the South somewhere. Hundreds who could not get in went to the Cree "tea-dances" in big bough lodges down on the flats. Some of the old-timers danced the time-honored duck dance, and the Red River jig. And it was all to celebrate Confederation, which in that country stands as the hugest event in history, for the celebration of it is the biggest festival between the 49th parallel and the North Pole.

On the fifth day the races scattered over the long trails. The cosmopolitan congress was broken up, not to meet again for a year. Most of them wouldn't know King Edward if they saw him, for they don't take the trouble to notice his picture, and they all have a mental photograph of a dozen flags more familiar than the Union Jack. The B. N. A. Act might as well be the X. Y. Z. letters in the Gamey case to most of them. To a lot of others, 1812 spells only "D'riand L." The first verse of "The Maple Leaf" is a straight jab under the belt to a lot more who are up in that land by thousands and read "La Presse" a hundred times to the "Globe's" one. And they all have a kind of up-the-sleeve aversion to the Indian, who is the most bedazzled of all by the spectacular four days' congress of nations of which he has been the historical backbone.

But the big race meet of Dominion Day time rubs out a lot of antipathies and wears off the foreign wire edges. The peoples get together for a good time on the common level of sport and commerce. There's probably not enough flag patriotism in the whole fete to make a four line verse of bad poetry. But patriotism doesn't go by the flag in that land any more than respectability does by pedigree or "culchaw" by the circulation of the cent. And when you get cosmopolitan brotherhood on the prairie it isn't part of the necessary gospel to preach about the flag or recite poems on Confederation.

### The Social Tyrants.

Sometimes it is a sour old maid,  
Sometimes a portly dame,  
Whose temper makes all men afraid,  
Whose tongue is tipped with flame.

Sometimes a cleric, who can well  
His condemnation read,  
Who makes it warm for all that dwell  
Outside his little creed.

Some petty pope, who fain would place  
Free thought and speech in cages,  
And back his pond'rous steps would trace  
To the "devout dark ages."

Some woman, whose malignant tongue,  
And speech with envy sour,  
Still blight the beautiful and young  
As frost winds blight the flower.

Some boor, who shoulders through the throng  
Like fool sweep to his den,  
And makes his grimy way along  
By blackening better men.

Two things are common to them all,  
Where'er they play their parts,  
In church, or market, hut, or hall—  
Dull heads and cruel hearts.

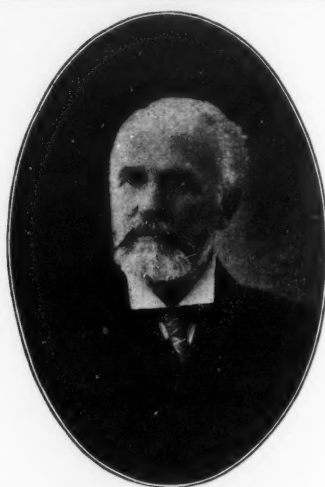
Picton Ont. REGINALD GOURLAY.

### The Home-Comers.

"We, the wanderers, the dreamers,  
That for love or fortune roam,  
In the gladness of the morning,  
In the light, come streaming home."

I WONDER if we realize who they are that are coming on the 1st July. They are not utter strangers, finding our city interesting because new, not residents in whom familiarity has bred lack of interest. They cannot be classed with those whose cry is "Hogtown," nor are they coming secretly determined to find our girls inferior, in every respect, to those of a Western town. They are not "farmers" who cannot be happy till they get gold bricks, nor Carnegie agents to thrust money upon us. They are not Barr colonists nor land-hungry Dakotans, nor baseball players to rob us of last season's glory, nor Doukhobors on mad pilgrimage to nowhere. They are not titled dignitaries whose greatness makes their stay with us mere newspaper knowledge, nor proprietors of tented shows with wild animals and wilder prices of admission. They will not be met at trains to be locked up till after the holiday, nor need they feel that the sign, "Beware of Pickpockets," refers to them. They are not prodigal sons whose coming is an acknowledgment of defeat elsewhere, nor millionaires of snobbish generosity.

They are home-comers—our own. They have lived and labored in our city, and, to many, the journey is a return to the cherished birthplace. To be with us again they will leave cities in importance equal to, or greater than, ours, and will pass through towns the attractions of which would turn aside the ordinary sight-seer. They are coming back to find their home town larger and more imposing—to recall familiar scenes and try to adjust fond memory to new and unexpected sights. Their stay with us will naturally and necessarily give us our rating among the New World cities; the advantages and attractions of the Queen City of the West will find their commendation, as its faults will find the regret, of those whose former stay with us and wandering from us combine to make their judgment of value. They are going to accentuate momentarily the cruel modern struggle to find a house and will bring forcibly to the civic mind the need for a bridge



DR. JAMES MILLS,  
President Ontario Agricultural College.

on Yonge street. They bring such a combined knowledge of other cities as will doubtless benefit Toronto long after her one-time citizens have again gone home.

And we citizens of this much-to-be-visited city, what shall be our attitude to the great homecoming on our country's birthday? Surely one of deepest interest and heartiest co-operation. For this visit is of greater moment than the greatest gathering which has aided in giving our home the name Convention City; there will be the amount, if not the intensity, of joy of a Canadian contingent's return from war and none of its heart-racking contrast of sorrow. No one will ask his neighbor, "What strangers are these in our midst?" for as June once more glides into July each of us will welcome a relation; if not a relation, a near friend; if not a friend, a former citizen of Toronto. Let us, then, as hosts in this gigantic but brief visit give our best interest and effort and incidentally uphold our city's reputation. All indications point to the success of the Homecomers' Festival, for our guests are coming by twos and tens and trainloads, by boat and automobile, from all directions, but with one desire; in a few days all roads will lead to Toronto, and if among the homecomers are any descendants of the red men to whom our city owes its name, they will find it, to a greater extent than ever did their forefathers, "The Place of Meeting."

W. A. C.

There was a young fellow in Flint  
Who could never catch on to a hint,  
The girls they all grieved him,  
They couldn't abide him,  
So he put his soft head in a splint.

From the world's great game of poker  
This paradox I choose:  
It often seems the gayest man's  
The one that has the blues.

—Cornell "Widow."

### Remarkable Career of a Corsican Bandit.

THE bloody vendetta of Baptiste Tramonì Brico, the famous Corsican bandit, came to an end last month, when the picturesque outlaw was ambushed and killed by a dozen of his enemies. Brico was a true hero of romance in that he was urged to his course of wickedness by an unfortunate love affair. He was the son of poor peasants, and when he went into the army he left behind him a sweetheart, one Josephine Tramonì, who promised to marry him at the end of his service, which would be three years later, or 1892. Returning then to Corsica, he learned that Josephine's father was by no means eager to accept him as a son-in-law. One day in August, 1894, Father Tramonì, exasperated at Brico's pertinacity, was unwise enough to say that never in his life would he consent to the marriage. Thereupon Brico meditated a month on his course of action. Finally he shot Father Tramonì from behind a hedge, and without stopping to get his bride, made for the hills. The Tramonìs, of course, were in duty bound to avenge their father's death, but instead of making war on Brico's family in general, they centered all their energies on catching him. The Government stepped in to aid them. Brico became a will o' the wisp. In the mountains he found a fellow spirit in one Giovanni, and the two performed enough deeds of valor to establish a saga. The country folk were frightened into silence about their actions by the mysterious death, in the little village of Mola, of four persons who were suspected of having given the police news of the whereabouts of the outlaws. Although several gendarmes who attempted to catch the men in the mountains were killed, it was two years before the Tramonì family suffered again. The second victim was the eldest son of the house, Come. His murder so aroused the authorities that they arrested the whole Brico family—father, mother, uncles, aunts, and cousins—charging them with giving aid and comfort to the outlaw. The day of the trial, Brico, just to show how he felt about it, shot a Tramonì relative, and the day following he shot the gendarme who arrested his mother. Thence on murders followed in quick succession until the Tramonì family promised soon to become extinct. So long as the bloodthirsty Brico confined his attention to them and the police the country folk helped him, for to kill both was his undoubted right, according to peasant standards. But in November he killed a cartman, whose sole offence was carrying some household furniture belonging to one of the Tramonì families. This unwarranted crime turned the whole island against Brico. Soon afterward he went down into the village of Mola and killed the seven-year-old son of the murdered Come Tramonì, who was playing in the streets with other children. From that day he was hunted by everyone. His companion, Giovanni, had been killed the year before in an encounter with the police. The two persons who still

stood by him were his mother and an aunt. On May 12th, at noon, he bid good-bye to his mother, telling her she would probably never see him again. He went to his aunt's house in a neighboring village, and when at night he was leaving it to go to the mountains, he was ambushed and killed. Now the gendarmes are after his slayers. The total list of Brico's victims numbered a round two dozen, which is a good record even for a Corsican bandit.

### The Proposed Salvation Army Hospital.

IN justice to the Salvation Army we insert this letter, though it was not apparently intended for publication: Editor "Saturday Night:"

Referring to our interview on Saturday morning last, I would like again to thank you for the kindly manner in which you listened to my explanation of the hospital scheme. Especially did I appreciate your promise of help. I might here add that I knew you to be too well informed on Salvation Army work to be influenced in the least by the petty jealousies or wild statements of others, hence the reason of my calling upon you the other day.

As a memorandum, and for your further information, I take the liberty of here putting upon paper briefly the particulars I gave you in your office:

(1) The Infants' Ward. A hospital for really tiny children is terribly needed, there being no infirmary in the Dominion open for the specific treatment of infants. Statistics show that the present rate of mortality among infants reaches an appallingly high figure, and it is the opinion of medical men that it is largely accounted for in the fact that there is no separate hospital accommodation for their ailments. Sick infants from the youngest age will be received in our institution. It may be added that in our twelve homes throughout the territory we have been specially successful in dealing with the infants of the unfortunate.

(2) The Maternity Hospital. At St. John, Ottawa, Winnipeg and Spokane maternity work is largely undertaken in our Rescue Homes, and we have cared for hundreds of the unfortunate class. Hitherto in Toronto our influence for good with these cases has been somewhat broken by our having to send them to the public hospital; in the new institution this difficulty will be altogether done away with. We have already in our ranks several certificated nurses, ready to take charge of this branch of the work.

(3) The Rescue Work. The Industrial Home, which has opened the door of hope and virtue to so many destitute girls during the past few years, will be carried on in a wing of the new building with increased space and facility for the prosecution of its meritorious end. A glance at our rescue work for the past year, showing that 551 girls passed through our twelve homes in this territory alone, of whom more than 85 per cent. were permanently reclaimed and 313 children cared for, will give some idea of the measure of success attending our efforts in this direction.

(4) Children's Work. The fourth wing of this interesting institution will be devoted to the shelter of destitute and neglected children. Whereas in the present home we have had accommodation for thirty at a time, we shall be able to care for double that number in the new. Our accomplishments among needy little ones are exceptionally gratifying. Every year we are successful in getting hundreds adopted into good Christian homes.

(5) The Expense of it all. It may be objected that work on so large and inclusive a scale will come out very costly, but under the Salvation Army scheme of economies this is less than might be thought. After the initial cost of building and equipping the expenditure will be reduced to a minimum compared with the good work done. The nurses or matrons will be officers of our own ranks, whose labor is one of love, and many medical men have promised the benefit of their skill and services gratuitously. Again the inmates themselves will help largely toward their own maintenance in a laundry and workroom which will be operated in connection with the Rescue department of the institution. It is a significant fact that following these lines, our rescue work throughout the Dominion is locally self-supporting, and that each of our twelve homes is entirely out of debt. All of which facts argue well for the new acquisition in Toronto.

For some time past the Salvation Army's rescue work in Toronto has been crippled for want of space. Our present home, with accommodation for twenty girls, and our Children's Shelter, with accommodation for thirty children, have proved altogether inadequate to the demand. For many months we have reluctantly had to turn some of the most needy cases from our door. It is now proposed to extend these branches of our work by the erection of a new building in Yonge street, which will embody the present Rescue Home now on the spot, and embrace both its work and that of the Children's Shelter. So that instead of the rescue work being represented by several smaller institutions, the whole operations, so far as this city is concerned, will be carried on under one roof, which will, however, be divided into four separate departments.

My reason for writing the above is not particularly that you should make it appear in your columns as I have written it, but simply that it may be a guide to you in anything that you might feel pleased to put in the columns of your valuable paper this week.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely, Frank Morris, Staff Captain.

### Improving the Human Breed.

The much-discussed beauty competition for men, arranged by the Vienna athletic societies, took place in the cafe of the Ringstrasse recently. There was a fair sprinkling of the fair sex, who took the greatest interest in the proceedings, carefully examining each competitor through opera glasses. The president of the committee remarked that for many years people had been trying to improve the breed of cattle, horses and pigs, now it was the turn of man's race. He said that perhaps there were ladies among the audience who would not agree with the award when finally made, as the jury would not take into account the well-turned moustache or good eyes, features which were dear to the opposite sex. Competitors were then led out in batches of thirty. They were scantily clad in bathing suits, and each one, on his number being called, stepped to the front and exhibited muscles. It is said that few of the would-be Apollos could be called beautiful. There was plenty of muscle, but very few competitors were symmetrically built. The winner of the first prize for beauty of form was a young athlete from the Vienna Club.

### Poor Excuse Better than None.

The late Henry G. Morse, president of the New York Ship-building Company, was one day visited by a man who wished to borrow money wherewith to launch a questionable enterprise. Mr. Morse gave some polite excuse for his unwillingness to lend, and the man declared that he regarded this excuse as somewhat fishy. Thereupon, smiling grimly, Mr. Morse said:

"Let me tell you a little story. Once upon a time an Arab went to his neighbor and said:

"Lend me your rope."

"I can't," said the neighbor.

"Why can't you?"

"Because I want to use the rope myself."

"What do you want to do with it?" the borrower persisted.

"I want to tie up five cubic feet of water with it," was the reply.

"How on earth," the other sneered, "can you tie up water with a rope?"

"My friend," said the neighbor, "Allah is great, and he permits us to do strange things with a rope when we don't want to lead it."

### Servia's New Monarch.

Prince Peter Karageorgievich, now Peter the First of Servia, is described as a man of very quiet tastes and excellent morals, who has been living at Lucerne and Geneva, Switzerland, for many years in exile, engaged in scientific pursuits. He is fifty-three years old, a graduate of the University of Vienna, and has taken a degree at Zurich. His late wife, the Princess Zorka, who died in 1890, was a daughter of Nicholas, the reigning Prince of Montenegro, a sister of the present Queen of Italy and of the wives of two of the Grand Dukes of Russia. The Prince has three children—a daughter, Helena, aged nine years, and two sons, George, his heir, who is sixteen years old, and Alexander, who is fourteen. The boys are both in the Russian army, under the immediate patronage of the Dowager Czarina, who has looked carefully after their morals, their education and their advancement in military affairs.



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**Anecdotal.**  
A woman with eight young children boarded a street car which was already comfortably filled. The conductor became a trifle impatient because it took the family so long to get aboard, and as the mother finally reached the top step and the car began to move, the conductor asked, with a suspicion of a smile: "Are these all your children, madam, or is it a picnic?" "They are all my children," returned the woman, with a grim smile, "and I tell you it's no picnic."

The other day the London "Pall Mall Gazette" referred to W. S. Gilbert as "the late W. S. Gilbert." This called forth a note of protest from the famous comic opera librettist, in which he said: "There is a line in your issue of yesterday that must have sent a thrill of joy through many a worthy home. I refer to a line in an article headed 'A Naval Battle,' in which I am referred to as 'the late W. S. Gilbert.' I am always sorry to spoil sport, but common candor compels me to admit (reluctantly) that I am still alive. Yours faithfully, W. S. Gilbert."

Frederick III. of Prussia, who delighted in his reputation as the most laconic man in Europe, once met a Hungarian magnate, taking the waters at Carlsbad, who had also acquired fame for abruptness of speech. This tempted the Prussian monarch to meet him and try him in the arts of brevity. The magnate was pointed out to Frederick as he stood in the hall of his hotel. The king went up to him, and the following conversation was the result: Frederick—Bathing? Hungarian—Drinking. Frederick—Officer? Hungarian—Magnate. Frederick—So? Hungarian—(taking the initiative)—Detective? Frederick—King? Hungarian—Congratulate!

Mrs. Leslie M. Shaw, the wife of the Secretary of the United States Treasury, has recently given out in Washington a number of amusing interviews about the inadequacy of the salaries of cabinet officers. Mrs. Shaw was Miss Alice Crawshaw in her youth, and she has always been noted for her ready wit. It is said of her that a young man of humorous bent one day exclaimed in her presence: "What could be more dreadful than for a woman, after mending her husband's coat, to find in one of the pockets a love letter from another woman?" "Unfortunately," said Mrs. Shaw, "that could never happen. The woman would find the letter first, and then she would not mend the coat."

A village clergyman, declares "Public Opinion," has this ingenious bit among his records: One day he was summoned in haste by Mrs. Johnston, who had been taken suddenly ill. He went in some wonder, because she was not of his parish, and was known to be devoted to her own minister, the Rev. Mr. Hopkins. While he was waiting in the parlor, before seeking the sick woman, he beguiled the time by talking with her daughter. "I am very much pleased to know your mother thought of me in her illness," he said. "Is Mr. Hopkins away?" The lady looked unfeignedly shocked. "No," she said. "Oh, no. But we're afraid it's something contagious, and we didn't like him to run any risks."

Mrs. Van Vorst, the author of "The Woman Who Toils," had many amusing and odd adventures during her life as a worker. One adventure that has not heretofore been printed concerned a taciturn man. She met this man on a New England road, mending a worn fence. "Can you tell me," she said to him, "how far it is from here to the next town?" He pointed forward. "Milestone little further on will tell you," he growled. Rudeness such as this vexed Mrs. Van Vorst. "But the milestone will be no good to me, for I can't read," she said. Thereupon the taciturn man chuckled a little. "Ho, ho," he said. "It is just the kind of milestone for people that can't read, for all the writing's been washed off of it."

The following story of the Pope is current in Italy, where Leo XIII. personally is most popular even amongst the anti-Clericals. He has—or is supposed to have—some nephews who find it somewhat difficult to extract money from him. The wife of one of these nephews is said to have undertaken to get some from him. She solicited an interview, and, having obtained it, said: "Holy Father, I come to seek your advice. I am poor, I have a large family, and, alas! I am in debt. I have been gifted by heaven with a good voice, and the proprietor of a music hall has offered me a large salary to appear on his stage and sing a few simple songs. Ought I to accept the offer?" "Certainly," replied his

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Holiness: "and I only regret that my official position will not allow me to be present at your debut."  
Professor James Bryce in his recently published "Studies in Contemporary Biography" has this paragraph on Gladstone and Darwin: "Once in the lobby of the House of Commons, seeing his countenance saddened by the troubles of Ireland, I told him, in order to divert his thoughts, how someone had recently discovered that Dante had in his last years been appointed at Ravenna to a lectureship which raised him above the pitch of want. Mr. Gladstone's face at once lit up and he said, 'How strange it is to think that these great souls whose words are a beacon-light to all the generations that have come after them, should have had cares and anxieties to vex them in their daily life, just like the rest of us common mortals.' The phrase reminded me that a few days before I had heard Mr. Darwin, in dwelling upon the pleasure a visit paid by Mr. Gladstone had given him, say, 'And he talked just as if he had been an ordinary person like one of ourselves.' The two great men were, alike unconscious of their greatness."

Dennis Mulvihill, the laboring man who is mayor of Bridgeport, Conn., told the other day a story of his boyhood. "There lived in our town," he said, "a poor, half-witted man who made a kind of a mania of his religion. He used to go every afternoon to a lonely field, and kneeling there behind a bank of earth, he would pray at the top of his lungs for thirty or forty minutes at a time. Some of us boys would follow him now and then, hide on the other side of the mound, and listen to him with wonderment. One afternoon he prayed about his sins. He vowed that he was the wickedest man that had ever been created. He declared that he deserved death. He begged the Lord to put an end to him by toppling over the embankment on him then and there. The ring-leader of our crowd was up near the top of the mound, and at this point he shoved down on the kneeling man a great load of loose soil. Instantly the poor fellow sprang to his feet and ran away home. 'It's an awful world, this,' he said to a friend later. 'You can't say a thing in fun, but what it's taken in earnest.'"

Cecilia Loftis says that Sir Henry Irving is one of the kindest and most courteous men to play with that she ever met. "But," she adds, "he is confusing sometimes by his side remarks on the stage. Under his breath he is constantly making jokes when the play is going to suit him, and when it is not he talks at you to correct you. He used to stand just behind my spinning-wheel in 'Faust' and repeat my lines with me when I did not read them fast enough, keeping always just a beat or two ahead of me. 'Tempo, tempo!' he would keep exclaiming, till I hardly knew what I was saying. He is not as a rule an exacting taskmaster, however. Once, I remember, Faust slipped up on his lines. Meeting me (Marguerite) he should have said: 'Pretty lady, pray accept my escort. I faint would guide thee home.' 'After stuttering and coughing a bit, he delivered himself as follows: 'Pretty lady, accept my gratitude. I faint would lure thee home.' Sir Henry, as Mephisto, was standing up stage behind a tree. I heard an exclamation from him best represented by a dash. When the curtain had come down, the actor playing Faust apologized to him profusely. 'Pray don't mind it, my dear fellow,' said Sir Henry; 'you kept the bloody metre, anyway!'

**The Closed Door.**  
I never crossed your threshold with a grief.  
But that I went without it; never came heart-hungry but you fed me, eased the blame.  
And gave the sorrow solace and relief.  
I never left you but I took away  
The love that drew me to your side again.  
Through that wide door that never could remain quite closed between us for a little day.  
Oh, friend, who gave and comforted, who knew  
So over-well the want of heart and mind?  
Where may I turn for solace now, or find Relief from this unceasing loss of you?  
Be it for fault, for folly, or for sin,  
Oh, terrible my penance and most sore—  
To face the tragedy of that closed door  
Whereby I pass and may not enter in.  
—Theodosia Garrison in "Harper's Bazar."

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Listen to what Henry A. Coles of St. Mary's River, Guysboro County, N.S., has to tell:  
"I had stomach trouble more or less for about five years," writes Mr. Coles. "Finally I was forced to take to my bed. The doctor was called in, but he did me no good. I was suffering very bad and did not know what to do.  
"Then my wife suggested that I try Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, so finally I got some and commenced to use them. I took seven boxes in all, and have not felt any trouble since.  
"I can heartily recommend Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets to any sufferer from stomach troubles. And others in this neighborhood who have used them speak just as highly of them as I do."

**Lady Gay's Column**  
The Story of Two Fine Days.

It happened to be a fine day. We arose determined not to take the least trouble to see nor show the least interest in the mimic war of our friends and fellow-countrymen, who were fighting wondrous battles, executing supernally clever tactical movements, ambushing and charging, capturing and defending, disturbing by rude noise and pungent smoke the repose of their serene Highnesses the cows of Niagara Common. But it happened to be so fine a day that to stay indoors was a crime. There was golf, it is true, but no men to play, and women golfers need men just as much as women who stay at home. There were heaps of men on the common, enough even to give us stout courage in the face of ever such an annoyed cow. So to the common we were fain to repair, stepping gingerly on the uneven board sidewalks, between whose cracks high heels have a tendency to slip and twist lace-stockinged ankles, peering over the pickets at a wealth of roses pink and crimson, always keenly aware of cows, and keeping well apart from them. Here was a "cookie" peeling potatoes, his cap over one ear and his braces tied about his waist; there a delf little Tommy, quickly setting out the plain camp dinner-table, and both of them assuring the world in general that the soldiers making all the noise in the grove away off would be ready for their dinners, for not a bloom in 't would they get for two hours at least, at the rate they were foolin' away the mornin'. Past the cook and the Tommy a long tramp to a ditch, in the shelter of which crouched queer brown-faced, strong-featured fellows, sons of the soil, red-men, killing time until those fighting dawdlers should show themselves from their cover, for even an Indian in the open can't do much against a white man in the woods. Suddenly a word is passed along the line of crouching, sprawling Indians, and quick, stealthy, hugging their shelter, they defile past, and run into the open, dropping flat and then running and dropping each time a little nearer that belligerent lot in the grove. The lady in the high-heeled shoes puts up her pince-nez. "Very fine, indeed; and now, who will keep the cows away?" quoth she. A tall, blue-eyed "Corps of Guides" man materializes from the shelter of a tree and starts her of the Louis Quinze heels. "You'll be perfectly safe if you climb up here," volunteers the guide, masking a smile demurely, and he hauls up the owner of the French heels out of the ditch and ambushes her beside him in the shade. And then he tells her all about the sham battle and the new corps of guides who are to find out the topography of this Dominion and give useful pointers to their superiors. And then they talk about the weather, when suddenly a horse dashes into the ditch and up the bank and pokes its nose into the ambush and its rider demands of the blue-eyed guide information he possesses, eth not, and looks for a fraction of a minute at a pair of round little ankles and French heels that are sticking out of the ambush, while the guide scrambles down and tries to get his thoughts together and answer his officer knowingly. He is ordered off without another look at the lady in ambush, and the officer sits on his horse expectant. The Louis Quinze heels wiggle impatiently, and someone cries from the ambush, "Please take that horse away. I want to get down!" And the old horse is taken away slowly. The guide and the lady see out of the tail of his eye frills and laces and other sacred things.

One morning someone ordered a muster parade, and a green Tommy, hearing the same, enquired what a mustard parade might be. He was, by some son of perdition, sent to his officer with a huge tin pail "for the mustard," and arrived on his mission full of curiosity and interest. The officer gulped down a laugh, and sent him along to a distant tent for the mustard, so that the poor thing spent hours hanging round with his shining new tin pail demanding mustard of anyone he met.

A smart young officer had a carriage-load of relatives who were so much interested in the fight that they alighted and advanced almost under the heels of the cavalry. Fearing an accident to his elders, the S. Y. O. persuaded them to choose vantage points and vow to remain quietly until the fight was concluded, he himself selecting a nice, crooked tree to shade and support his mother-in-law. It so happened that a canny trio of Indians, advancing warily, selected this tree as good cover, and stealing up behind the unconscious lady, made ready and fired three good shots just past her ears. It is most convincing to hear her account of her emotions at this dastardly attack in the rear, and her suggestion that the S. Y. O. wasn't altogether guiltless in the matter. What the advancing Indians thought on receiving her expression of opinion isn't on record, though they must have been startled at finding her at such close range.

It happened again to be a fine day, such a day as effectually routed a preconceived notion of "sleeping in," such a day as seemed made on purpose for "outing away." And lo! an ideal outing came our way! A dashing progress up the swift-flowing river in the trim, graceful yacht, a ride beside the foaming rapids on that most airy and accommodating tourist car, a sweet, long hour strolling under the dim canopy of green across Goat Island, with a dabble over the charming rocky, leafy, tiny islets that are for some of us the prize beauty spots of the place, and a long, long look at the clear, smooth stretches of water that glide over the first ledge, foam over the second, dash over the third, and finally rush madly to the stupendous leap of the great fall, gloriously green, vapor veiled, rainbow-spanned, entrancing Niagara. Beside the voice of the torrent, seething, gurgling, splashing, to the great roar of its leap, one hears many others, soft Italian, guttural German, excited French, spasmodic Yiddish, or that mongrel of all tones, native American patois, for the people have not wasted a bonny Sunday, and they all talk vociferously as they gaze and enjoy. Only the boy does not talk, but looks intently, moving from point to point in voiceless absorption, spellbound with his first real sight

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of the power that ravishes and subdues and puts to shame all one's senses, leaving only the assurance of one's infinitesimal littleness, with a swelling sense of great things without that almost rends the soul of one. Niagara is the world's wonder with which no one can be familiar, which to dare means death, though some of us have felt drawn to the very verge of peril by some fascination that was stronger than our cowardice or selfishness, some rising impulse to give ourselves to the hurrying strong waves as if they were beckoning, bewitching arms held up, for Niagara, hoarse-voiced, commanding, awful, has a Lorelei song of its own, which some have not been able to resist. Away from the close spell of the rushing water it is utterly lovely, with the mist and the gay June sun combining in the graceful bow of shimmering colors, now disappearing as a cloud veils the sun, now growing radiantly distinct as the beams glow after the passing of the cloudlet. Niagara is perfect; the hoarse power of the great, lordly fall, the airy beauty of his lady on the other bank, the little feathery stream, the child-fall, that runs between! And the people who see this wonder? There are octogenarians who crouch on the benches and wee babies who crouch at the rainbow and cry when it fades; thoughtful people and frivolous people; girls who giggle and the boy with the tense, rapt face, eyes that have mist of tears or that glow with the great thoughts of the soul looking forth, and lips that tremble with awe and emotion, and cheeks that pale with the wonder of it. No matter how cosmopolitan the crowd, the spell works on some of them, the shrine of the water-god never lacks its worshippers. It is always holy ground for some of us about Niagara!

Three things are fearsome to me—an emotional impulse, a carping spirit and a practical joke—the first being dangerous, the second embittering and the third vulgar and unkind. To be safe and sweet and sympathetic is blessed. The woman who combines the three qualities of prudence, unselfishness and gentleness is the woman who may be safely loved. She is the quiet attraction to one man, not the magnet of many, that is why she gets the best husband, while her dashing sisters get the most attention. An over-clever woman is apt to be exacting and impatient; an over-emotional woman bores one to extinction, and a too matter-of-fact woman reasons herself out of her finest charm. She who evokes the



**Mrs. Hughson, of Chicago,** whose letter follows, is another woman in high position who owes her health to **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**. "Money seemed but poor and paltry compared to health, and yet a few dollars invested in **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** brought me good health. I suffered for several years with general weakness and bearing-down pains, caused by womb trouble. My appetite was frightful, and I would lie awake for hours, and could not sleep, until I secured more weary in the morning than when I retired. After reading one of its advertisements I decided to try the merits of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**, and I am so glad I did. No one can describe the good it did me. I took three bottles faithfully, and besides building up my general health, it drove all disease and poison out of my body, and made me feel as spry and active as a young girl. Mrs. Pinkham's medicines are certainly all they are claimed to be."—Mrs. M. E. HUGHSON, 347 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.  
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tenderest love is the dependent, gentle, "feminine-to-the-core" sort. Man, when he's worth anything, sees in her his perfected nature, cleaves to her, longs for her, and loves her. Cleverness piques and interests him; smartness amuses him; temper makes him feel superior, but he loves the woman who says little, smiles more, and depends upon him.

**Hints on Housekeeping.**

It is an unfortunate fact that there are many young ladies who start married life with little or no knowledge of the merest rudiments of housekeeping. As a rule, a young fellow selects his partner for life for any other quality except that of being a good housekeeper. She may be the girl who keeps step with him best in dancing; or she may have yellow hair, or a small foot, or bright blue eyes. It never seems to occur to a fellow in the business rush of courtship that you can't run a house exclusively on a superior complexion. I cannot imagine a more heartless freak of fate than for a poor fellow to suddenly realize that the girl he has brought home to help him through life can't housekeep worth threepence; and I feel, therefore, says the editor of "Pick-Me-Up," that it would be cruel in me to refrain from imparting a little useful information on the subject.

To begin housekeeping with anything like a prospect of success you must have a little money. Some people prefer to run up bills and wait for a county court summons. But it is best to have a little ready cash to start with, anyhow. Get all you can, because then you can spend the balance on bonnets and things. Some housekeepers make it a rule to keep accounts, and put down all the money they spend. But this is very silly, of course; and, besides, it never comes out right. In this matter the difficulty is not to see that two and two make four, but to explain how it is that two plus nothing invariably comes to six or seven. You may start keeping accounts for a day or two, and may make up your mind to put down everything you buy, but when you go through your book at the end of the week and find that a pound of sugar some candle and a packet of hairpins come to three pounds fifteen, you will recognize at once that this account business is a delusion and a snare.

Once a week, perhaps oftener, it will happen to you that your servant girl has a bad headache and can't get up to prepare breakfast. This will give you a chance of showing what you can do. If your husband is in an office, it is very likely that his employers will expect him to turn up punctually in the morning. I have heard of employers who do this. Well, then, of course, he'll want some breakfast before he starts. Husbands are so very unreasonable. It will save some trouble if you get up and prepare his breakfast with your own fair hands; but, of course, if you are fond of excitement you can just tell him to get something at the railway station and have an early lunch to make up for it. It seems awfully unjust that he should furnish a nice house on purpose for you, and then expect to live there just as if he was in his own home. But they all do.

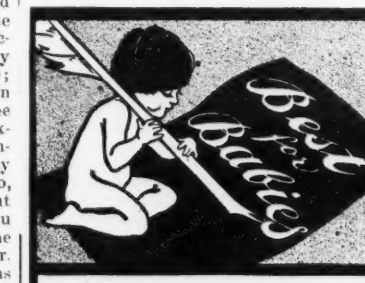
Once a year you will probably be expected to stage manage what is commonly known as a spring cleaning. Some wives who do their own housekeeping have been known to put on an old dress, tie a duster over their heads, and simply wallow in the work of rejuvenating the premises. But don't you do it. It's ever so much nicer to stand round and watch other people do the work; and it gives you more time to think of something else for them to do. There is nothing like turning the house upside down thoroughly when you once begin. Have a good splash while you've got the chance, so that when your husband comes home there won't be a room in the house he can sit in, and he'll have



to take dinner in the hall or on the landing. This will impress him at once with a good opinion of your energy and industry.  
If he has a little room of his own, go for it fiercely. Pitch all his books and papers in a corner, and move his pipes and tobacco jar into a safe place and forget where you've put them. They'll turn up after the spring cleaning is over all right; and then everything will be so nice that if he wants to smoke he'll have to do it in the garden or the coal cellar. You can't have that sort of thing in the house just after everything has been put straight. If you find after a while that there are mice in the house, it is a good plan to secure the services of a business-like cat. It's much better than standing on a chair with your skirts bunched up, making wild lunges at the floor with a fire-shovel, and screaming for mother. If you observe these few hints carefully you will become quite a good housekeeper in time. Don't mention it. I'm glad to have been of some service to you.

**The Truth.**

Old Pluto (with irony)—Do you think you can support my daughter in the style that she has been accustomed to?  
Young Sutor—Well, no; but I can support her in the style to which her mother was accustomed for a good many years after she married you.  
Old Pluto (subdued)—Take her, my son, and be happy.—"Pick-Me-Up."



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## Boarding a Derelict.

An Extract from the Diary of Charles D. Con, Chief Officer on the Merchant Ship the "Erin's Isle."

(From the "Strand Magazine.")

Sunday, November 17, 1901.  
Position at noon—Latitude 29 degrees,  
30 minutes south, Longitude 25  
degrees 30 minutes west.

There has been a light breeze from the north-west all day, with a heavily-clouded sky, and a long, heavy swell from the westward.

Until 1.30 p.m. to-day everything went on as usual on a fine Sunday. The wind being steady there was no work to do, so most of the watch were sitting in various shady corners about the deck, reading. I was sitting on that part of the quarterdeck where I could have a view of all that was going on, and also ahead of the vessel, reading one of Max Pemberton's most interesting stories, when I happened to look up, and about nine miles ahead was what appeared to be a steamer bound to the eastward.

I thought it rather strange to see a steamer here, as we were quite out of the track of steamers; so I went and got the telescope, and on looking at her through this saw at once it was not a steamer, but a dismantled ship, and to all appearances in ballast and without any sign of life on board. I told the boat-swain, who had seen it by this time, and who was standing at the front of the poop deck, what it appeared to be.

The apparently abandoned vessel was two points on the starboard bow, so that if we kept our course we should pass it at a distance of about a mile and a half or two miles. I then went down in the cabin to notify the captain (who was having his afternoon doze) of what was in sight, and that if he wished to find out all about her we should have to alter our course. He told me at once to alter the course so as to pass close to the dismantled vessel. I went on deck and did as was required, and in a few moments the captain came up and we both had a good look through the glasses, but although we were then a little nearer than when we first sighted her, we could make out no more than I had at first.

By this time it had spread through the ship that there was something unusual in sight, and everyone on board, even the "watch below," who were a few moments ago sound asleep, were up on the "forecastle head deck," dressed in whatever articles of clothing had come to hand first when jumping out of their bunks—and some of them had not stopped to get much. Everyone was gazing anxiously and expectantly at the mystery.

But our curiosity was not to be satisfied for some time. The wind, which had been but a light breeze all day, fell away until at times it was almost a calm, the ship moving along at about two miles an hour, and the object of our curiosity was still some eight miles distant. When it fell nearly calm our impatience to solve this mystery caused the use of rather stronger language (when speaking of the wind) than was suitable for Sunday.

However, the time began to pass faster when we began to argue and speculate as to the cause of the wreck's present condition; whether the masts had been cut away to save the vessel, or whether a sudden squall had dismantled her; or was she burnt out?

Then, again, was there anything of value on board? Could she be rigged up and taken to the nearest port to be refitted or sold? And some of us had got so far that we were planning how to spend our share of the salvage money.

And then the question arose, what had become of the crew? Had they been killed in the disaster which had befallen the ship, or had they left in boats, or been taken off by a passing vessel, or were they still on board? These and a hundred other speculations kept us busy talking until 4.15 p.m. We were then about a mile and a half from the wreck, and it could easily be seen that she was an iron vessel and had been built recently in dock, as the paint on the hull was fresh and clean. But that was all we could discover, as she was lying over very much and had the high side towards us, so that we could not get a glimpse of her deck.

It was now almost a calm, so the captain decided to put out the small boat at once, as it was getting late in the day and we could row much faster than the ship was then going. So the boat was put out and three men and myself jumped into her and we left our ship. About a quarter to five we were up to the wreck. In passing under her stern we read the name, the "Norfolk Island," of Glasgow. As we pulled around to the lee side so that we could get a view of the deck, it nearly took my breath away to see such a sight; the other side had looked so promising. She had been completely burnt out, so as to be useless, and apparently had not a thing of value on her.

However, we determined to go on board. So we pulled cautiously to the vessel, keeping a sharp lookout for any sunken wreckage that might sink the boat, but there was none, and we got safely alongside. I seized hold of one of the shrouds that was hanging over the side and climbed on board. One of the others soon followed.

The fire had done its work only too well. There was not a vestige of woodwork to be seen; nothing but bent and twisted iron beams, the broken bulwarks, and the remains of the shattered masts. In the bottom of the vessel was a rather strange combination of elements. In the after-part there was about a hundred to a hundred and fifty tons of coal and cinders still smouldering. In the forward part was water about three or four feet deep.

The vessel had been loaded with coal, and was of about two thousand two hundred tons burden.

We first went aft, where the cabin had been, and here apparently the fire had not been so fierce as elsewhere. Amongst the ashes I noticed many articles that had been used in the cabin. One of the first things I noticed was the works of the cabin clock, with the hands still attached, and stopped at three o'clock; also the ship's bell, which I secured as a memento of our visit; also all the tins in which the cabin stores had been, and many things to remind me that it had once been the habitation of men of whose fate we were ignorant. We then went along to where the cook-house had been, and here found that, owing to its being protected from the direct heat of the burning cargo by an iron deck, nearly everything was intact; that is, the stove and most of the cooking utensils. I then went down into the after-hold on the top of the smouldering coal. But it was rather too hot and stifling to stay. I then climbed into the "tween decks and there took a photo. I then climbed on the upper deck, and after that the other man and I climbed pretty well all over the vessel to see if there were anything of value to be found; and it was climbing, with the deck-beams at an angle of about forty degrees and the vessel rolling so that at times the deck seemed nearly perpendicular. There was nothing to crawl about on except the deck-beams, which were about eight inches wide; and when in the middle of one there was the prospect that when the ship lurched one might drop comfortably among a tangled mass of iron and wire and cinders, some twenty-two feet below. I think the knowing that we might never have the chance of boarding a derelict again made us feel that we wanted to see all that was to be seen, and to experience to the full what it was like to be on board an abandoned vessel, as it is an experience that very few have had.

While I was down in the hold of the vessel I tried to realize the sensations of one left alone on a vessel in this state. I was out of sight of our own ship and could not see the man who had come on board the wreck with me. There were heavy clouds in the sky, which at that time of day made it very gloomy. Add to this the mournful sound made by the uncontrolled rudder moving with the sea, the washing backward and forward of the water in the hold, together with a peculiar moaning sound as of someone in agony, made by the remains of the masts moving slowly as the vessel rolled.

With these surroundings, and when I realized how helpless a human being would be in such a position, there came over me a feeling of such despair and hopelessness as I never again wish to experience. Everything seemed so real that I can hardly say how relieved I felt, when I climbed on deck, to see our boat waiting to take me to the ship, where we should have cheerful surroundings, the companionship of a few of our fellow-men, and a sense of security not to be felt on board the derelict of the good ship "Norfolk Island."

One of the most curious things I noticed on board, close to the foremast, where it was broken off at the side of the ship, was a piece of sail caught on the bulwarks, where even the iron was bent with heat. How the canvas was not consumed is more than I can solve, and I have given it serious thought. Someone might offer a suggestion. I wish they would, for there is something uncanny in the thing which worries me.

There was also a wooden pulley in the same place, also intact. It was the only piece of wood in the ship that had not been burnt. Within three inches of where the pulley lay the deck planks were completely destroyed. It was now nearly half-past five, and although the sun was still above the horizon the sky was so heavily clouded that it was quite dark, and as there was nothing to be gained by remaining longer I called the men left in charge of the boat. They came alongside and we started for our own vessel, then about a mile and a half away, where we arrived about 6 p.m.

After hoisting in the boat we at once imparted all the news we had to tell, the facts that demolished all the castles in the air we had built while approaching this abandoned vessel; now we were leaving her, and although we knew something concerning her we were still ignorant of the fate of the crew. Probably we shall find out that when we arrive in Cape Town, if they have been picked up by another vessel.

About 7 p.m. we saw the last of the "Norfolk Island." As she faded from our sight in the gathering mists of evening she presented a picture of such desolation that it left an impression to be long remembered as a fitting close to an incident that is likely to remain unique in the writer's seafaring career.

On arrival in Cape Town I learned the fate of the crew from the following paragraph in the "Daily Graphic" of October 23:

"Shipwrecked Sailors' Suffering.

"Terrible tales of suffering and privation at sea were told yesterday by members of two shipwrecked crews brought home to England by the R.M.S. 'Thames'.

"One party consisted of survivors of the British barque 'Norfolk Island,' which left Leith Roads on July 6, bound for Cape Town, with a cargo of coal. Towards the end of August it was found that the cargo was getting heated. Everything possible was done by the officers and men to save the ship, but an explosion took place on September 3, and the crew escaped in two boats. In the darkness they drifted out of each other's sight, one boat being at sea twelve and the other fourteen days before they were picked up. The crew, who belonged to Leith, Cardiff, Carnarvon and Portmadoc, were landed at Bibia, whence they were sent home by the British consul, little the worse for their adventure."

As to what became of the derelict when we left her, it appears that after drifting about for some months she went on the rocks at the Island of Tristan d'Aunha, about eight hundred miles from where we parted with her.

## Character in Names.

In allusion to the theory of an English newspaper writer who holds that a man's character is consciously or unconsciously influenced by his Christian name and whose article to that effect was reproduced in "Saturday Night" last week, London "Punch" prints some bantering comment:

Nothing, it declares, is so unalterable as the character that accompanies a Christian name. Deductions from Christian names are absolutely safe. They have all the finality of the axioms of Christian science. For instance, have you ever known an Oliver who was not interested in lightning conductors, an Alma who was not artistic, or a Sidney who did not oppose the Baconian theory? Names ending in zw always denote selfishness. Names ending in tku are to be avoided: their owners are treacherous. Beware of names beginning in Yp. No woman over seven feet high was ever called Birdie. Women named George write novels. A baby named Jabez Ellis Ahasuerus, if always called by its

full name, will not grow up. A cat if called Beethoven is sure to indulge in moonlight sonatas.

Joseph is ambitious and shrewd. Hugh is opinionated and talks too much. Winston shares these peculiarities. Lloyd is argumentative. Jesse is bovine, and runs to side-whiskers. Show me a Wilfrid and I will show you a teetotaler. Arthur might be less willowy. Gerald is academic. George is eloquent and epigrammatic. John is studious and persistent. Gibson is importunate and impertinent. Tim is vitriolic.

Literary men, who study these things, they ever knew an Andrew who was not bookish, an Anthony who was not witty, a Marie who was vain? They will tell you that Maurice is romantic, Jerome facetious, MacGregor undersized. Produce a Rudyard, and you will see omniscience. Conan is interested in crime. Algernon composes ballads before breakfast. Theodore is critical. William by itself is capable of tout: allied to Ernest it thunders; allied to Schwenck it jokes; allied to Robertson it resists the payment of rates.

Nicknames are equally consistent in their connotations. A boy called "Trotters" has large feet. No boy with a snub nose was ever called "Hooky." Have you ever seen a brunette known as "Ginger"? Boys and girls who are called "Carrots" have red hair always.

## Nonsense Verses

"I cause the heat," the dog-star said,  
In manner most mysterious.  
The little bear then raised his head  
And murmured, "Is he Sirius?"

"Oh, thank the Lord," Thus Jonah spoke,  
Emerging thin and pale:  
And yet I really wonder why  
He didn't thank the whale.

A young lady once went to the zoo,  
With a hat that was pretty and new;  
The giraffe ate the bonnet  
For the flowers that were on it.  
And threw her false hair to the gnom,  
—"Acta Victoriana."

Our lives much resemble our vicarious—  
Made up of the greats and the littles—  
The good and the bad,  
The glad and the sad—  
It never is all beer and skittles.

—Judge.



Both—Well I never seed a huglier mug in all my nat'ral!

## He's at Work Once More.

Simon V. Landry Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Had Lame Back, Weak Legs, and was a Total Wreck before he was induced to Try the great Kidney Remedy.

River Bourgeois, Richmond County, C. B., June 22.—(Special).—One more remarkable cure has been credited to Dodd's Kidney Pills in this neighborhood, and the story is best told in the words of Simon V. Landry, the man cured. Mr. Landry says:

"I was bothered for over a year with Lame Back, Weak Legs, and Palpitation of the Heart and general weakness and shortness of breath. In fact, I was a total wreck. I could not work as I got tired and weak so easy."

"I also had a weakness in my stomach, and it was so bad that I could not bend down to do anything. I tried many medicines without getting any relief till I was induced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"After I had used three boxes of them I was able to start work again. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to everybody."

It is curious like these that give Dodd's Kidney Pills their popularity. They not only relieve but make people able and willing to work.

## A Witches' Broth.

London "Outlook."

The Carlyle-Froude witches' broth thickens apace. In the June number of the "Contemporary Review" appears a paper by Mr. Ronald McNeill, written as a vindication of Froude. To common-sense persons neither Carlyle nor Froude needs vindication. They were both very human persons who erred and achieved in varying degrees. Had Froude painted Carlyle as a tender husband or a genial friend—which is what the Carlyles seem to desire—there were hundreds of people alive when the biography was written who would have humorously corrected him. If the Froudeans claim that Froude's biographical and editorial work is absolutely perfect, there are just as many persons ready now to contradict them. But the marvel is why all this cannot be done on the ordinary lines of literary comment and criticism. What is the need of all this fire, fury, and partisanship? What does it matter, after all, if Carlyle pinched his wife's arms till they were blue, and found the written record of his evil temper in her journals after her death? Carlyle was no saint, but that does not make him a devil. And why is the world now threatened with the publication of a document left in MS. by Froude in which constitutional reasons are to be specified as the cause of Carlyle's ill-success as a husband? The witches' broth thickens indeed, and round it dance the frantic forms of writers and editors of no consequence, playing the hag to perfection.

The Mistress—Don't you think Miss Pink has a beautiful complexion? The Maid—Well, ma'am, of course she has roses in her cheeks, but I don't like artificial flowers.—Judge.

## CORRESPONDENCE COUPON

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, sermons or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Mabel G.—A course of penmanship at a business college is a disaster I should not court if I were you. Of course your writing isn't just what it may be and will be with the growth of your character. You waste too much effort on those long beginnings. Those stringy curves are absolutely purposeless, and to cross both your t's in "interesting" with one faint line is the reverse of convincing. Gather in and concentrate your forces, my dear. In the meantime you are practical, good-tempered, gentle, thoughtful, adaptable, hopeful and discreet, with a good deal of tact and sympathy and a purely feminine tone.

Auto.—There is a good deal of snap and force and self-reliance about you, with some talent and quick perception. It would be idle work indeed to tell you your writing was faultless, but the faults are mainly those of inexperience and lack of discipline. You do best when, under observation and can, if compelled, surprise even yourself at what you accomplish. A touch of wilfulness is evident, some impatience, also love of power, and a nature the reverse of sedate. You don't reason well and are incapable of very clear sequence of ideas. It is a strong but not very well-balanced study. Take yourself in hand intelligently. You can be very discreet, but may easily be taken off your guard. Your birthday brings you under Leo, but you have only just passed the cusp of Cancer and Leo, and have some of Cancer's undecided and dubious lines. The chances are that you will develop into a superior Leo type.

Mary the Third.—Your maiden effort was duly received, and I may say in answer to your question that I don't let myself get tired of anything which I know I must do. It's foolish to say so, but I do. "Rub in," Mary?—the fact of your advancing years? Never you mind; they are on the same track. You say you have "the devil's" will, I won't contradict you; sure I see them plainly enough in those downward flairs. But you have a fine imagination and plenty of energy and good sequence of thought and the brightest perception. Oh, I think you'll do. You are generally careful enough, though not invariably so. Secretive or mistrustful are somewhat inclined to sentiment and may be influenced; would also love to rule if you could do so without much effort. You barely escape being a Goat, Mary; instead you are an "air" baby, and your zodiacal sign is Aquarius, the Water Carrier. You have much of your element in your make-up, also many of the charming traits. Perhaps some day you'll make a second effort and tell me what you think of passing events. I fancy I should be interested.

Gladness.—How much character do you think you deserve, you girl of eighteen who is "passionately fond of chocolates" and an ardent reader of "Saturday Night"? Go away with your warm adjectives, you baby person! Your writing is rather interesting, very crude and impulsive, but brave, honest and generous. Some of its lines are fairly beautiful, and I am sure you justify them. How do you know I was "once a girl"? Just a moment ago a correspondent writes: "For a nice man, you are rather inclined to be long to my friend. I don't know what I am when I get through a Correspondence Column, so you take the responsibility of your hypothesis or assertion or whatever you call it entirely on your own shoulders, please. If I were ever a girl, I'd be quite satisfied to have been one like you in a good many things, barring the 'passion' and 'ardency'."

Monte.—Your writing shows thought, cleverness and quick perception. You are ambitious, and your fondness of effort and desirous of approbation, have sympathy and some taste, with very decided views and a good deal of indignation. It isn't by any means a commonplace hand, nor are you "ordinary."

Rosalind.—I once had a "bona fide study" of his handwriting, and have never quite liked him since. By the way, that reminds me of a curious experience I had a few days ago. I happened to see in a hotel register the signature of a person of whom I was thinking very high things. It gave me a great shock, suggesting traits very different from those I had believed to belong to my friend. I began to dislike the friend, to mistrust his bona fides, to suspect cheapness and pose instead of the sincerity I had imagined. And then quite by accident I saw him sign his name, and, behold! the man I had evolved from observation and judgment register I know not—possibly the clerk—but it endeared graphology to me forever when I studied the true signature and found my man as I thought him.

## Business

vs.

## Biliousness.

The man who is subject to biliousness cannot attend to business—biliousness demands all his attention. Biliousness arises from the retention of waste and foreign matter in the system, nature's drainage being clogged.

## Abbey's Effervescent Salt

goes to the root of the trouble and eradicates the cause—persuades the stomach and bowels, in a gentle but insistent manner, into healthy action, Abbey's clears the bile from the system in nature's own way, bringing health, a clear head, a clean stomach and energy for work.

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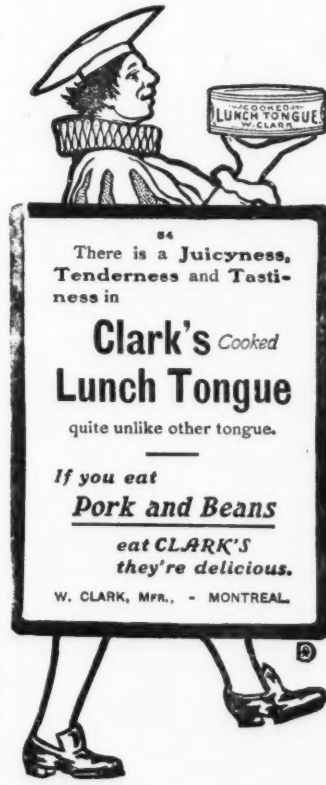
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If you eat Clark's Pork and Beans eat CLARK'S they're delicious.

W. CLARK, MFR., - MONTREAL.

2. Your writing shows much feeling, some sentimentality, a certain charm of language and sympathetic nature, a good deal of self-respect, and possibly rather adamant principle. You are neither an acute nor persistent thinker, but your ideas are rather original, and you have easy grace of expression. I don't think you are optimistic, and you don't often give your confidence. Culture and refinement are suggested, but there is not much snap or force in this study.

Olivia (Toronto).—It is quite a shame that you should have been side-tracked so long! I don't know how it has happened that a package of March letters got out of its place. Please forgive me, and I'll look it up for you. You are dashingly, and full of promise. You are pessimistically inclined, but will probably outgrow it. You show many virile and enterprising traits, which are often significant of the other sex, but you are a co-educated girl, I fancy, which has developed them unusually. Great sweetness of disposition and goodwill to and faith in your fellows mark your lines, and suggestions of taste in matters of art and environment are shown. There is much crude and extravagant thought in your lines, but I fancy time will correct much of it.

Girls.—Your enclosure was a most indiscreet one. I cannot tell you just why. I could not possibly delineate it, as you will see by reading the Rules which govern this column. It is always a risk to submit other persons' letters to a stranger. How should you like it, if I sent your enclosure back to its writer? Oh, Girls! If you sent me a study at the time you state it was de-livered, and I rather think I remember the fact. I'll look it up for you, and the boy are in little bits in the W.P.B. Requisite in pace!

Excellent Train Service to Highlands of Ontario.

The Grand Trunk is the only line which reaches the popular summer resort region, known as the "Highlands of Ontario."

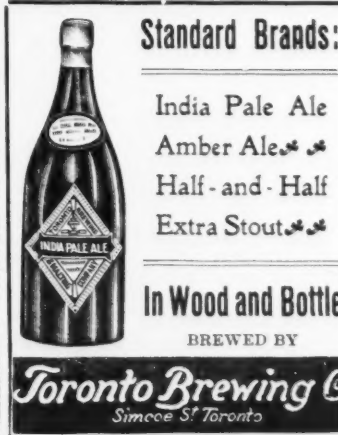
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 come prepared to be photographed. Here you will find the finest gallery in Canada. I know how to

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 will give lessons in German, French, Latin or Greek.  
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**Notice of Meeting.**  
 Take notice that a General Meeting of the Rainy Lake Pulp and Paper Company, Limited, will be held at the office of the Oliver Gold Company of Seine River, Limited, Mine Center, Ont., on Friday the 10th day of July, 1903, for the purpose of organizing the company and general business.  
 W. J. ELLIOTT, Secretary.  
 Toronto, June 24th, 1903.

**THE STORAGE IS PILING UP IN THE Model Storage Company's**  
 new store house. Still we have a few more spaces left and room for your furniture.  
 Store House : Main 350 Office : 163 Simcoe St.  
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**THE CAREY FAMILY.**  
 Information wanted of the Carey family, who emigrated from the County Monaghan, Ireland, 50 or 60 years ago. Susan married a Mr. Riddle, who was last heard of in Toronto, Canada. Ross married a Charles Gray, who was also heard of in Canada. Any information of the above families will be gratefully received by Mrs. W. A. Carlton (mother's name Mary Carey), P.O. Box 1999, Montreal, Canada.

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 BALL, RECEPTION AND ASSEMBLY ROOMS  
 Afternoon Tea...

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 Fidelity bonds for all persons in positions of trust. We issue them for officers and employees of all concerns—banks, telephones, telegraph and secret societies of all descriptions. Write for particulars.  
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**TORONTO Home-Comers' Festival.**  
**JULY 1 to 4, 1903.**

**...PROGRAMME...**  
**FIRST DAY—JULY 1**  
 MORNING—Reception of visiting contingents; championship baseball match.  
 AFTERNOON—Dominion Day Regatta; championship baseball and C.L.A. lacrosse matches; Toronto Swimming Club races.  
 EVENING—Home-Comers' Reception on grounds in front of Parliament buildings.  
**SECOND DAY—JULY 2**  
 AFTERNOON—Old Boys' parade from Armories to University grounds; garden party on University lawn.  
 EVENING—Venetian fete and fireworks display on bay.  
**THIRD DAY—JULY 3**  
 AFTERNOON—Open-air Horse Show in Queen's Park.  
 EVENING—Old Boys' Conference, King Edward Hotel.  
**FOURTH DAY—JULY 4**  
 AFTERNOON—Championship lacrosse match, Torontos v. Nationals; Toronto Canoe Club regatta.  
**NOEL MARSHALL, STEWART HOUSTON,**  
 Chairman, Secretary.  
 Mr. William Stitt will leave to-day for the Continent to purchase goods for the fall season. His three daughters, Misses Frankie, Gladys and Mollie, will accompany him.

**Social and Personal.**  
 A very quiet wedding took place on Saturday, June 20, when Miss Mabel Sadd, youngest daughter of the late Mr. James Sadd, became the bride of Mr. Edwin Gordon Wills of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Milligan. The bride, who was attended by her sister, Miss Florence Sadd, wore a traveling suit of navy blue basket-cloth, the coat handsomely trimmed with string lace and pipings of Dresden silk, over a white silk and lace blouse. A pretty rose-pink hat, trimmed with champagne lace medallions, completed the becoming costume. The bridegroom's gift to his bride was a gold heart pendant, with a solitaire diamond. Mr. and Mrs. Wills left on the 5.20 train for New York. After their honeymoon they will reside in their pretty little home in North Brunswick avenue.

Mrs. John Quinn (nee Wooten) will be at home to her friends on Monday, June 29, from 3 to 6 and 8 to 10 o'clock, at 79 Shaw street.

Mrs. Vaughan Owen left for her home in Montreal on Friday last. She will spend the summer at her country residence at Chambly. On Wednesday Mrs. Horetzki of Bedford road gave a delightful farewell tea for Mrs. Owen. Miss Hedley, Miss Miller and Miss Fraser assisted in the tea-room. Among those present were Mrs. Casels, Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. McLean McDonald, Mrs. Angus McDonald, Miss Foy, Mrs. Frank Morgan, Mrs. Rutherford, Miss Rutherford, Miss Milligan and Mrs. Anglin.

Extra enthusiastic accounts of the success of the R.M.C. dance at Kingston on Monday evening are reaching me from every quarter. There is always youth and beauty to ensure the success of these dances, which last until all hours, as this time some of the guests went home in broad daylight. Quite a number of pretty debutantes were at the dance, and everything went perfectly. The G.O.C. did not attend, being detained in Niagara. He passed through Toronto on Tuesday and took the steamer for Kingston.

**Gourlay, Winter & Leeming**  
 188 YONGE STREET, TORONTO



**A... PIANO PROVERB**

"NECESSITY" may be "the mother of invention," and "COMPETITION" the "life of trade," but **CONFIDENCE** is the Foundation of the Piano Business.

What gives us our success to-day is the confidence which people have in the methods characteristic of our firm, and in the reliability of the instruments we sell. We cordially invite you to visit our warerooms, examine the instruments, and test the methods that have created this Confidence.

**A BARGAIN**  
 A Very Handsome Cabinet Grand Dominion Piano, in burl walnut case, of new Colonial design, with pillared ends, double trusses, three pedals, patent iron cupola arch frame. Height four feet nine inches. A splendid piano. Regularly \$350. NOW \$248

**Gourlay, Winter & Leeming**  
 188 YONGE ST., TORONTO. Hamilton Warerooms, 66 King St. West

**25 per cent. Reduction DURING JULY AND AUGUST**

**D**URING the summer months so many of our regular customers are out of the city, at the seaside or on the continent, and in order to keep our 14 employees engaged we have decided, as in former years, to make our work at cost.  
 This will place within the reach of everyone the finest products of the camera at the cost of ordinary photographs.

**REMEMBER—On and after SEPTEMBER 1st, as heretofore, the slightest reduction will not be considered.**

**FREDERICK LYONDE, 101 King St. West**

**THERE IS No Silk So Smooth, No Silk So Long, No Silk So Strong as Corticelli**  
**THE DRESSMAKERS FAVORITE SPOOL SILK**  
**"Too Strong To Break"**  
 ASK FOR Corticelli

**Smart Tailor-Made Shirt Waists**



**Every Style and Finish ORDERED WORK ONLY**  
 Miss Franklin has pleasure in announcing that she has enlarged the shirt waist department and secured the services of another Expert Cutter. These Shirt Waists are of the highest grade in cut and finish, and fashionable in design.

**M. FRANKLIN**  
 No. 11-12 RICHMOND STREET WEST, TORONTO.  
 Tel.—Main 175.

**Misses Armstrong & Anderson**

**MILLINERY and DRESSMAKING**

**58 KING ST. WEST**  
 North side, just west of The "Mail" Building.

**High-Class Costuming and Millinery**  
**MDE. JOAN BISHOP**  
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 406 and 408 Yonge St. Tel.—Main 3077

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**ROBERT B. HENDERSON, D.O.**  
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Osteopathy is a scientific method of treating all forms of disease. It is both **BLOODLESS and DRUGLESS.** Full information cheerfully given at the office, or literature sent on application.  
 All treatments given by appointment  
 Office hours 10—12 a.m., 1.30—3 p.m.  
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I do any kind of painting that can be done in the very best way and at the lowest prices consistent with honest work. Graining and decorating, too. The latter is my specialty, and if you will entrust your next order to me I will give you satisfaction.  
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**JAMES J. O'HEARN**  
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**For Private Residence, Club or Cafe.**  
 We design and build Art Billiard Tables to harmonize with interior work. We have photographs of some very rich tables recently installed in prominent homes. Phone for an engagement with our expert. Advice cheerfully given.

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 116 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

**Gasoline Launches**



**16 to 22 feet Launches always in stock.**  
**CANADA LAUNCH WORKS, Limited**  
 Foot of Carlaw Avenue, Toronto

**Spectacles and Eyeglasses.**

Artistic and technical excellence may be had at Potter's. The most beautiful models in mountings and the most graceful contours in lenses may be had at this old-established house. Attendants and workers are continuously making a study of what is pleasing and appropriate in spectacles and eyeglasses. They have also developed a rare degree of manual skill and a full knowledge of lenses, with their manifold combinations. Potter's workshop is a veritable technical institute, where high-class and unusual lenses are made up, and the most scrupulous care taken to fulfill the exact instructions of the oculists and meet the precise requirements of those who for various reasons must have particular glasses. Potter's, 85 Yonge street, Toronto.

**The "RIGGS" Dental Offices**  
 TEMPLE BUILDING, Bay Street.  
 Specialists in High Class Dentistry.

**DR. C. J. RODGERS**  
 DENTIST  
 Has removed to CARLTON CHAMBERS,  
 No. 1 CARLTON STREET.



We make a specialty of small necessities that will go a long way towards making a pleasure of your

## Summer Vacation



### FLASKS

Price 50c. to \$5.00.

### DRINKING GLASSES & CUPS

Prices 25c. to \$3.00.

### MIRRORS FOR TRAVELING

Prices 50c. to \$3.00.

### SPONGE BAGS

25c. to 50c.

### CARRYALLS

Prices \$2.50 to \$4.00.

### PLAYING CARD CASES

Prices 50c. to \$1.50.

### FOBS

Prices 50c. to \$1.00.

### TOILET ROLLS

Prices 50c. to \$2.00.

### COLLAR AND CUFF CASES

Prices \$1.00 to \$3.00.

### RIDING LEGGINGS

Price \$3.50 pair.

### SAFETY RAZORS

Price \$1.50.

### HAIR AND CLOTH BRUSHES

Prices 50c. to \$4.00.

### RUGS

Prices \$4.00 to \$8.50.

### BELTS

Prices 50c. to \$1.00.

IN TRUNKS, BAGS, SUIT CASES, we make goods that are distinguished by their superior finish, strength, and the great care taken in the selection of materials.

For out-of-town buyers we send our handsome Catalogue S, which shows with beautiful engravings the special lines we make and are not sold elsewhere.

## The Julian Sale

LEATHER GOODS CO., Limited,

105 King St. West, Toronto.

Established 50 Years.

YE OLDE FIRME OF HEINTZMAN & CO.

Established 50 Years.

## Heintzman & Co. Piano

This name on a piano is an absolute guarantee of quality. You may invite the most distinguished musician to perform on your instrument with the assurance that this piano is equal to any test. Splendid in design and possessed of a marvellous tone power, it makes the ideal instrument for the home.

Ye Olde Firme of  
**HEINTZMAN & CO., Limited**  
115-117 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

Guessing at the heat of an oven spoils more food than inexperienced cooks. Dainty pastry and delicate cakes are ruined if the oven is too hot or not hot enough. The oven thermometer of the Imperial Oxford Range does away with all guesswork. The least experienced can tell to a certainty when the oven is ready for baking or roasting. Every housekeeper will appreciate this convenience of the

## Imperial Oxford Range

Most cooking failures may be traced to the fact that you don't know your oven. With the Imperial Oxford Range you know that the heat of the oven is evenly distributed and its exact temperature.

Write for the Imperial Oxford booklet. Or better still, will you call at one of our agencies and see the stove itself?



**The Gurney Foundry Co. Limited**

Toronto, Canada  
Montreal, Winnipeg  
Vancouver

### In the Kitchen of the King Edward Hotel.

Since the opening of the King Edward Hotel the completeness of the dining arrangements and the excellence of the cuisine have been particularly commented upon by all visitors. Down in the basement of the King Edward are the apartments upon whose successful management will largely depend the future well-being of the new hotel. The kitchen is an immense place, the entire center of the building, and from it radiate all manner of store-rooms and pantries and the out-carrying of every modern invention that in sanitary and speedy measures will facilitate the workings thereof.

A broad staircase leads from the European dining-room directly into the kitchen, at the foot and to the right of which is the steward's office. The floor is inlaid mosaic, the walls white-tiled, and the shelving is of oak. To the left of the staircase is the huge dumb-waiter, upon which will be carried orders from the banquet hall, and along the west side of the room is the oyster counter, where, in particularly constructed pans over a fire of exact and unvariable temperature, that toothsome shell-fish is cooked in every mode known to chefs. In the fruit pantry next to the oyster counter are kept, in an ice box of six departments, all the fruits, creams, butter, and such like things on order for the European dining-room, and leading from

the outer pantry is the pastry-room, where the puddings and confectionery will be prepared. The pudding steamers are attached to the pipes from the furnace at a convenient position on the wall where neither a stooping nor stretching posture need tire the cook in his attention to these dainties, and the great copper pot for steaming or boiling fruit is a bonanza for jam-making. From this room opens the ice cream pantry, where nothing but creams and sherbets are made, six kinds at a time, and the freezers turned by electricity. An array of great and little moulds, bricks, fancy individual shapes, and everything new in the making and for the serving of these frozen delicacies are found in their separate compartments here. The next spot of interest in the kitchen is the new battery, whereon hot water, boiled milk, tea and coffee are kept, and beside them are three immense round copper boilers for soup stock. The great vegetable pots, in which either a steaming or boiling process can be used, stand in a row a little above the floor, but not one of these utensils is connected with the kitchen range proper.

The real range occupies the entire north side of the kitchen and is 36 feet in length, with a hood all over it. The utensils for the range are of steel and copper, and overhang the serving table in glittering array. Four or five cooks are kept busy at the large range before and during meal hours; a broiler (both over charcoal and gas), a roast cook, a fry cook, and others, have charge of entrees and special dishes. At the far end of the serving table is the Bain Marie, where certain relishes are kept warm, and also a great steel warming-pan. The copper pot for clarifying consommé is at the end of this table, and to the right again, occupying the east side of the kitchen, is the garde manger. The fish-box, ice-drawers (wherein are kept in separate compartments steaks, cutlets, kidneys, and such like), and a big refrigerator for salads and garnishes, are lined against the wall, and in the center of the range are the soup tureens for serving, carving platters with their gravy boats, over which are suspended metal covers on pulleys, the special irons for hot cakes, waffles, etc., and at the south end the egg-boilers, a simple and perfect contrivance, with a lower trough filled with boiling water, and suspended above are half a dozen or more little nickel buckets attached to clocks. The clocks are set for three or four minutes, according to the time desired for boiling the eggs, the eggs then placed in a bucket and let down into the boiling water at the minute indicated by the hand of the clock, the bucket rises automatically from the water, and the boiled egg is ready to the perfection of the eater's taste, whether the person cooking it is on time or not. The chef's office is a wired enclosure and overlooks the whole kitchen and the fifty or more employees therein. A telephone is at his elbow, and every contrivance for the carrying out of his onerous duties. In the south-east corner are the dish-washers, electric knife-cleaners and dish-shelves. No old-fashioned dish-pans and despised discolours for the accumulation of grease, no great trays and sopping towels for the drying thereof, and, what is more to the point, not a woman near that corner; men attend to the work at this washing, and men who understand the mechanism of the machines, for in this kitchen scientific handling takes the place of aforesaid drudgery. How it is done—who cares? They go in dirty and come out clean—dried, too, and ready to be shelved.

No vegetables will be brought into the kitchen until prepared for the pots, and thus all odor and the muss of preparation will be kept away. The bakery opens from the north-east of the kitchen, and here two expert bakers are employed for bread, muffin and roll-making. Everything is baked on the oven bottom but the "American sandwich loaves," which the chef calls "our pan-made bread." A second kitchen opens from the rear of the large one, and in this the meals of the kitchen help will be prepared, and

from it again opens a large cool dining-room with tiled walls, mosaic floor and nice furnishings.

Over 300 lockers for the livery of the bellboys and other employees are near by this dining-room, and away at the south end of the basement is a separate dining-room for the female employees, who will be served and waited upon by other waitresses. The mechanics employed in the engine-room also have their own dining-room.

Plate and dish-warmers are in close proximity to the carving tables, and the tray stands are near by, so that there will be no delay in serving meals.

The firing of fowl is done by turning in old-fashioned spit style in a modern round oven, where gas jets blaze from every side and electricity attends to the moving around.

Oysters are stewed in full view, on scooped pans that discharge their contents automatically when done to a turn. Chafing-dishes, egg-boilers, grill-pans—everything that an epicure could wish in the way of meal-preparing is on this range, in full view.

That there is nothing new under the sun is as true now as in the days of Solomon. No doubt much of Roman prowess was due to the universal use of baths by all classes. The modern tendency is to return to the use of natural treatment. Unquestionably the waters compounded in Nature's laboratory are the best remedial agents; chief among these, from medical references, is the "St. Catharines Well," located in St. Catharines, the "Garden City" of Canada. Here will be found every facility for rest, recuperation and comfort where exists a happy combination of family hotel life and sanitarium attachments for those desiring same. It is time that Canadians were sensible of the resources of their own country and that it is not necessary to go over the border to procure either the necessities or the luxuries of life.

## The DUNLOP Solid Rubber Carriage Tire

is guaranteed to ride better, last longer and wear smoother than any other tire on the market. It will not creep or open at joint and the maximum resiliency of rubber is maintained. The full strength of the Dunlop Tire Company, Limited, is back of this guarantee of superiority. The Dunlop trade-mark on carriage tires is like the sterling mark on silver.

THE DUNLOP TIRE CO., Limited,  
TORONTO, CANADA.

Branch Depots at  
Montreal, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

### INLAND NAVIGATION.

N. S. & T. Navigation Co.

STrs. LAKESIDE and GARDEN CITY

Leave Yonge Street Wharf

8 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 5 p.m.

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NIAGARA FALLS

BUFFALO

Family Book Tickets, \$5.00.

H. G. LUKE, Toronto Manager.

NIAGARA RIVER LINE

STrs. CHICORA, CHIPPEWA, CORONA

FIVE TRIPS DAILY

(EXCEPT SUNDAY)

On and after June 15 will leave Yonge Street Wharf

(east side), at 7 a.m., 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., and

4:45 p.m., for

Niagara, Lewiston and Queenston

connecting with New York Central and Hudson River

R.R., Michigan Central & K. International Ry. (Can. Div.), and Niagara Gorge Railway.

Book Tickets now on sale only at General Office

54 King Street East.

B. W. FOLGER, Manager.

TICKET OFFICE:

2 KING ST. EAST

Toronto-Montreal Line

June 1, STEAMER TORONTO leaves Toronto

4 p.m., Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays; on and

after June 13 daily, except Sundays, for Charlotte

(port of Rochester), Thousand Islands, running the

Rapids to Montreal, Quebec and Saguenay River.

Saturday to Monday Excursion

Commences Saturday, June 6, for Charlotte (Port

of Rochester), Kingston, Clayton, N.Y., Thousand

Islands, Brockville and Prescott, and every Saturday

thereafter during season.

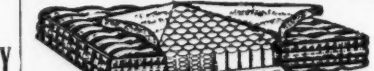
Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal Line.

Steamers leave Toronto 7:30 p.m., Mondays and

Thursdays till June 6; on and after June 7 Tuesdays,

Thursdays and Saturdays for Bay of Quinte, Mont

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mattress. If it is a "Marshall Sanitary" you

need look no further. Your comfort is secure. If

it is not, KICK.

Modern hotels use no other.

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and comfort.

Our mattresses and pillows are always

cool in summer.

THE MARSHALL SANITARY MATTRESS

CO., 269 King Street West, Toronto.

Phone—Main 4533. Write for booklet.

Factories—Toronto, Chicago and London, England.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Brasler—At Brooklyn, N.Y., on Saturday,

June 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney C.

Brasler, a son.

Osler—June 24, Toronto, Mrs. F. Gordon

Osler, a son.

Appelbe—June 20, Parry Sound, Mrs. (Dr.)

J. Appelbe, a son.

Campbell—June 22, Milton, Mrs. J. M.

Campbell, a daughter.

Marriages.

Murphy—Dooling—At St. Patrick's

Church, on 23rd inst., by Rev. Father

Barrett, Miss Agnes Dooling to Mr.

Oliver Murphy.

Rae—Young—June 23, Toronto, George

Menendez Rae to Lily Irene Young.

Stewart—Scott—June 18, Brampton, Wil-

liam Kilborne Stewart, M.A., to Ethel

E. A. Scott, B.A.

Mulock—Falconbridge—June 24, Toronto,

Cawthra, Mulock to Adele Baldwin

Falconbridge.

Massey—Cover—June 24, Toronto, Robert

F. Massey to Isabel Evon Cover.

Lazier—Simpson—June 17, Toronto, Ernest

F. Lazier to Muriel Simpson.

Wetherald—MacLeod—June 17, George-

town, Ont., Hubert McKay Wether-

ald to Sarah Elaine MacLeod.

Bourlier—Akers—June 18, Toronto, Henry

C. Bourlier, Jr., to Nellie Goulding

Akers.

Wade—Sadd—June 20, Toronto, Edwin

Gordon Willis to Mabel Sadd.

Deaths.

Taylor—June 25, Toronto, Charles W.

Taylor, business manager Globe Print-

ing Company, aged 82 years.

Evans—June 23, Toronto, Mrs. Lucinda

Spaulding Evans.

Tymon—Toronto, Mrs. Catharine Tymon.

Andrews—June 23, York Mills, John An-

draws, aged 72 years.

Sanford—Newcastle, Mrs. Olive Wilmot

Sanford.

Macpherson—June 17, near Owen Sound,

Edwards—June 14, Carleton Place, Wel-

lington Edwards.

## IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Proceedings of the Twenty-Eighth Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders, Held at the Banking House of the Institution in Toronto, on Wednesday, 17th June, 1903.

The Twenty-eighth Annual General Meeting of the Imperial Bank of Canada was held in pursuance of the terms of the Charter at the Banking House of the Institution, June 17th, 1903.

There were present:

T. R. Merritt, St. Catharines; William Ramsay of Bowland, Stow, Scotland; William Hendrie, Hamilton; Robert Jaffray, Toronto; T. Sutherland Stayner, Elias Rogers, D. R. Wilkie, Clarkson Jones, David Kidd, Hamilton; Edward Martin, K.C., Hamilton; David Smith, Thomas Walmsley, J. L. Blaikie, A. A. McFall, Bolton; Nehemiah Merritt, R. H. Temple, Lyndhurst Ogden, R. N. Gooch, Peleg Howland, A. W. Austin, G. W. Lewis, Prof. Andrew Smith, F.R.C.V.S., Robert Mills, Hamilton; C. C. Dalton, William Spry, R. L. Benson, E. K. Scoley, W. W. Vickers, J. G. Ramsey, G. G. Heward, W. D. Matthews, Robert Thompson, Albert A. Thompson, George B. Sweetnam, Ira Standish, W. J. Gage, V. H. E. Hutcheson, E. Hay, Anson Jones, W. Gibson Cassels, H. Sintzel, W. C. Crowther, Archibald Foulds, Samuel Nordheimer, J. H. Eddis, R. G. O. Thomson and others.

The chair was taken by the President, Mr. T. R. Merritt, and the Assistant General Manager, Mr. E. Hay, was requested to act as Secretary.

Moved by Mr. J. L. Blaikie, seconded by Mr. Anson Jones:

That Mr. W. Gibson Cassels, Mr. R. H. Temple and Mr. Lyndhurst Ogden be and are hereby appointed scrutineers.—Carried.

The General Manager, at the request of the Chairman, read the report of the Directors and the Statement of Affairs.

### THE REPORT

The Directors beg to submit to the Shareholders their Twenty-eighth Annual Report and Balance Sheet of the affairs of the Bank as on 31st May, 1903, together with Statement of the result of the operations for the year which ended that day.

Out of the Net Profits of the year, after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and for the authorized contributions to the Pension and Guarantee Funds:

(a) Dividends have been paid at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum amounting to \$285,237.37.

(b) Bank Premises Account has been credited with \$20,000.

(c) Rest Account has been increased by \$100,000.

(d) Profit and Loss Account has been increased by \$76,890.75. The Premium received upon New Capital Stock, amounting to \$411,312, has also been added to Rest Account, making that account \$2,636,312, equal to 88.33 per cent. of the Paid-Up Capital.

Branches have been opened during the year at:

Victoria ..... British Columbia.  
Cranbrook ..... British Columbia.  
Regina ..... N.W.T.'s.  
Wetaskiwin ..... N.W.T.'s.  
North Winnipeg ..... Manitoba.  
Bolton ..... Ontario.

The authority given to your Directors at the last Annual Meeting to increase the Capital Stock of the Bank by the sum of \$1,500,000 has been availed of so far by an allotment to Shareholders of \$500,000 of New Stock at a premium of 85 per cent. The remaining \$1,000,000 will be issued from time to time as the business of the Bank may demand at a premium equivalent to the proportion which the Reserve Fund may at the time bear to the Paid-Up Capital.

A desirable site for the Montreal Branch has been purchased and suitable premises are being erected thereon. Arrangements are also in progress for the erection of premises in Strathcona, N.W.T.; Rosthern, N.W.T.; and Revelstoke, B.C.

The Head Office and Branches have all been carefully inspected during the year.

The Directors desire to express their high appreciation of the faithful and efficient manner in which all the officers have performed their respective duties during the year.

T. R. MERRITT, President.

### PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Dividend No. 55, 5 per cent. (paid 1st of December, 1902).....	\$136,463 43	Balance at credit of account, 31st May, 1902, brought forward\$	88,495 51
Dividend No. 56, 5 per cent. (payable 1st of June, 1903).....	148,783 94	Premium received on New Capital Stock.....	411,312 00
Transferred to Rest Account.....	\$285,237 37	Profits for the year ended 31st May, 1903, after deducting charges of management and interest due depositors, and after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and for rebate on bills under discussion.....	482,128 12
Written off Bank premises and Furniture Account.....	20,000 00		
Balance of Account carried forward.....	160,386 27		
	\$976,935 64		\$976,935 64

### REST ACCOUNT

Balance at credit of Account, 31st May, 1902 .....	\$2,125,000
Transferred from Profit and Loss Account.....	511,312
Premium on New Capital Stock.....	\$41,312
From Profits of the year.....	100,000
	<hr/>
	\$2,536,312